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GOVERNMENT SNAG-BOAT REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS FROM THE CHANNEL OF A WESTERN RIVER.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 870.]

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POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

THE late speech of President ELIOT, of Harvard, in which he declared himself a Democrat, has naturally attracted a great deal of attention. It was so crisp and strong a statement that discussion could not be avoided. His words upon independent action, as reported in the Boston *Post*, were these:

"I think that a conscientious citizen should choose between the two great parties of the country, and should habitually act with that one which best promotes the principles which he holds. The position of a man who hangs between the two, and votes now with one party and now with the other, seems to me very unsatisfactory, unless it is avowedly temporary and provisional."

This is a fair general statement. But unqualified choice between parties is by no means always feasible for a man of strong convictions. Such a choice, indeed, is easy when there is one question which overbears all others. But this is the exceptional situation, and at other times such a positive choice is not practicable. National politics and State politics often deal with questions which are wholly unconnected, and upon the relative importance of which opinions widely differ. For example, in New York the voter may think a revision of the tariff in the interest of free raw materials to be very desirable, and he may also strongly favor civil service reform, high license, and ballot reform. All these questions seem to him immediately pressing, either in the State or in the nation. Which party shall he join? If he votes for the Republican member of Congress, he votes against tariff revision. If he votes for the Democratic member of the Legislature, he votes against high license. If he divides his vote between the opposing party candidates, he is rejected by both parties.

He begins, then, to understand why Mr. GREELEY said that parties ought to be dissolved every few years and reorganized, so that those who think together can act together. But this is, of course, impossible. He is then told that he cannot have everything just as he would prefer, that he must concede and compromise and choose the party with which, upon the whole, he can most agree. This seems plausible enough. But he has not yet been shown the proof of the alleged necessity of belonging to either party, nor has it been demonstrated that unless he chooses between them it is because he has no convictions. On the contrary, he does all that he possibly can to prove the sincerity of his convictions, and practically to enforce them, by voting for candidates who represent them in whatever party he finds them. If such a voter as we have supposed should support a Democratic tariff reformer for Congress and a high license Republican for the Legislature, he would demonstrate both that he has strong convictions and the good sense to enforce them much more conclusively than if because of his desire of tariff reform he should call himself a Democrat and vote against high license. He could not plead that he was forced to choose between the parties, because there would be no such alternative. Nothing would prevent him from giving the whole weight of his vote for both objects that he desires by voting both for the tariff reformer and for the friend of high license.

Such a course would attest sincerity of conviction much more forcibly than the totally needless sacrifice of one view to the other. The only plea left for such a sacrifice would be that the success of high license would enhance the prestige of the party opposed to tariff revision, and in so far harm that cause. But that would be to demand the sacrifice of every other public measure to revision of the tariff, a dire necessity which happily does not now exist. Indeed, beneath and behind every specific policy and measure upon which parties organize lies the primary necessity of honest government. This should be the first object of every voter, and then he should use the opportunities offered by parties to promote that object, together with the policies and measures which he prefers. Independence is simply the attitude of a voter who uses parties instead of suffering them to use him. He is so far from denying their value or their necessity in a free government that he makes the utmost use of them at every election. But he does not admit that in order to use a party effectively a voter must become its slave. That, indeed, is the spirit of party which honorable and self-respecting men who use all parties will constantly withstand. Undoubtedly surrender of independence is the condition of official honors from party. But it is conceivable that from temperament or some other reason some men may prefer not to pay that price. Party requires unwavering obedience to all its behests. Its candidates must be always supported. Its measures must be always advocated. The misconduct of its chosen representatives must be extenuated upon the ground that every man is fallible and no party is perfect, but that, upon the whole, the party of the partisan who pleads is very much better than the other. It is political independence, the action of voters who have no other object than honest and able government and the enforcement of certain policies, which restrains parties from dangerous excess. Mr. CONKLING used to say that he despised those who belonged to a party a little. But it is such independent Americans who make parties useful public agencies.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COUNTRY.

WHEN Mr. CLEVELAND was elected President, Mr. HISCOCK, of Syracuse, then a Republican Representative in Congress, asked that the Republican postmaster at that place might be allowed to serve out his term. The request was granted, and it was not until more than three years after Mr. CLEVELAND'S inauguration that the Republican postmaster, at the end of his term, was replaced by a Democratic successor—Mr. NORTHRUP. When Mr. HARRISON was inaugurated, Mr. HISCOCK had become a Senator, and, unmindful of the favor shown him by a Democratic President in the matter of the Syracuse post-office, he began to press the President to remove Mr. NORTHRUP and appoint Mr. CARROLL E. SMITH, a friend of the Senator's. Mr. BELDEN, also of Syracuse, now Republican Representative in Congress, with other citizens, insisted that Mr. NORTHRUP should be retained, as his predecessor had been, until the expiration of his term, unless some reason for removal could be shown, or unless the President would state frankly that he removed him because he was a Democrat. There were no known grounds for removal, but inspectors were sent to discover some. Mr. NORTHRUP went to Washington to ask to know the charges against him. But the President said that every Democratic postmaster who had been appointed by Mr. CLEVELAND ought to take himself out of the way; and without any charges known to him, Mr. NORTHRUP was removed a few days since, and Mr. HISCOCK'S friend, Mr. SMITH, was appointed in his place.

This is only another illustration of the President's violation of his own pledges, and of Senator HISCOCK'S contempt for the solemn engagement of his party with the country. President HARRISON said that it would be his sincere purpose, if elected, to advance reform; that fitness, and not party service, should be the essential test in appointment; that fidelity and efficiency should be the only sure tenure of office; and that only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office. The platform declared that "the spirit and purpose of reform should be observed in all executive appointments." These declarations were as distinct and definite as the President's oath of office. But the transaction at Syracuse had no regard whatever to the fidelity and efficiency of the late postmaster. His removal was not suggested by the interests of the public service, but by the wishes of Senator HISCOCK. It was not the fitness, but the party service of Mr. SMITH, which was the consideration. The fidelity and efficiency of Mr. NORTHRUP were not the only sure tenure of his office, and instead of advancing reform, the President trampled it deliberately under foot. That Mr. CLEVELAND made a political change in the office when the term of the previous postmaster had expired is true. Does that excuse President HARRISON for an arbitrary political removal of a kind which he had solemnly promised not to make? That Mr. SMITH is an honest and capable man we should be the last to doubt. There are thousands of other equally honest and capable men in Syracuse who might be good postmasters. Is that an excuse for the President's flagrant violation of his pledge? Postmaster HARRITY, in Philadelphia, is, as we write, still serving out his term; and Postmaster CORSE, we believe, and Collector SALTONSTALL, in Boston. Are these facts reasons why President HARRISON should do in Syracuse what he had declared should not be done?

Is the solemn pledge of the President of the United States to be accepted of course as meaningless? Is pointing out his violation of his pledges really a malignant and treacherous assault upon him? Must he be supposed to have used plain words in some other than their obvious sense, and if so, in what sense, and for what purpose? Mr. RUSS, in his late letter, supposes the case of railway shareholders who desire certain improvements, and who are asked to vote for the election of a president who promises to do what they wish. He is elected, and refuses to keep his word,

"and I and my neighbors, who have made investments, are left to regret our credulous confidence in the promises of a railway president. With what feeling should we regard the man who had thus deceived us? And is there to be less confidence in the pledge of a man at the head of the nation, or is the breach of such a pledge more excusable?"

Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE thinks that such questions of a Republican President should be asked in a Democratic Convention, where they belong. But why? The pledges were the promises of a President of the United States. They were not made to Democrats; they were made to the country. If Mr. LODGE denies that the pledges have been broken, let him show in a Republican Convention, or in Congress, or wherever he may prefer, that they have been fulfilled, and thus put to shame those who deny it. But he must not hope, and he ought not to try, to silence the exposure of such shameful disregard of pledges as is shown by a transaction like that at Syracuse by the mere allegation that it is a futile effort of partisan malignity. The continued and prolonged violation of pledges by the President of the United States does not concern a party only; it affects the national honor.

THE CITY IN THE LEGISLATURE.

THERE are twenty-four Assemblymen from the city of New York in the State Legislature. The city contains fully a fifth of the whole population of the State. It is the chief city of the Western continent, and one of the four or five largest cities in the world. Its character, ability, enterprise, and wealth are renowned. Considering all these facts, and such as these, and the further fact that our State government is government by representatives of the people, what can be more extraordinary than the list of the twenty-four representatives of the city in the last Legislature, constituting about a fifth of the Assembly, which is published by the City Reform Club? The only names upon the list which are known at all are those of Mr. ROBERT RAY HAMILTON and Mr. ERNEST CROSBY. The rest are totally unknown, or known discreditably. It may be truly said in general that the character, intelligence, ability, and respectability of the city are wholly unrepresented in the delegation from the city to the Legislature. Of the entire number five only were children of American parents. By occupation five were liquor or ex-liquor dealers, and one a malt and hop dealer; seven were so-called lawyers; there was one second-hand furniture dealer, one shoe dealer, one machinist, one manufacturer of mineral water, one carpenter, one retired merchant, one "politician," and four of occupations "not known." The best record of service is "fair," which is marked against four names; the record for all the others ranges from "useless" to "bad" and "disgraceful."

This summary is accompanied by a detailed statement and exposure of the "deal bills" which were the disgrace of the last Legislature, in which all the American members were implicated. Party names have nothing to do with the record. Democrats and Republicans were equally concerned in the most disgraceful transactions. The members of the City Reform Club, who have diligently prepared the summary, have performed a great public service, for which they are entitled to public gratitude. Armed with their manual, which may be procured of Mr. WELLING, at 2 Wall Street, the voter may at least know for whom not to vote. It is curious to compare the list with that of the Assemblymen from New York a hundred years ago. If, as Senator HISCOCK informs us, WASHINGTON, were he now a candidate for the Presidency, would do just what all candidates now do, yet the contemporaries of WASHINGTON in New York did not send to the Legislature representatives who corresponded to those of the present day. If this be pessimism, it is none the less the truth.

The remedy for the situation is obvious, but its application is not easy. It consists, of course, in the union of all good citizens who wish to change the character of the city representation. This implies organization and labor and expense which are very

considerable. It implies, also, upon the part of the great body of such citizens as we describe confidence in the leaders of any such union. The utmost service can be rendered by the City Reform Club itself in the publication before election of all accessible information about the candidates for the Assembly. The time is always very short for such work, but the intelligent voters of the city could be enabled to act with knowledge so far as they are really disposed to send respectable representatives. Party politics have nothing to do with the selection. The Assemblymen whose record was "fair" last year were one Republican and three Democrats. The first point is to secure honest men, and men who will support certain measures, such as a ballot law, high license, and the protection of public grounds. It is a good fortune, which, however, seldom occurs, when men of high character and courage and ability like THEODORE ROOSEVELT and WALTER HOWE are willing to go to the Legislature from the city. But it is possible, with care and persistence, to secure some honest men, and it is a happy result worth trying for.

THE PEOPLE AND TAMMANY HALL.

THE question of the city election is very simple. Shall the control of municipal affairs pass completely into the power of Tammany Hall? Does experience show that body of politicians to be so public-spirited, so upright and single-minded, that it is desirable to give it the supreme command of the city pay-roll, and thus enable it to secure an indefinite municipal ascendency? Does anybody suppose that Tammany is seeking such power for the general benefit of the community and not for itself; and is it wise to permit such a vast force devoted to selfish and personal ends to establish itself firmly and immutably in the community?

This is the question which the election next week will answer. That Tammany Hall is conscious of its great importance is shown by the fact that it abandoned "the slate" which it had originally prepared upon the distinct intimation of public opposition to it, and that it substituted at the last moment names supposed to be more generally acceptable, in order that it might "pander to the better sentiment" of the community. It hopes by presenting candidates of character, but wholly devoted to its interests, to placate opposition and to improve its chances of success. But whatever the good character of its candidates may be, it does not change the nature of the contest. The candidates nominated at a meeting of citizens of the highest standing belong to all political parties, like the citizens who have nominated them. In character, ability, and fitness they are in every way equal to their opponents.

Their success would at once secure the most excellent officers for the city, and frustrate the schemes of Tammany Hall. They would have no common party or associated ends to serve, no followers to reward, and no promises to fulfil. Their election would be the triumph of public spirit over the interested and selfish purposes of a political clique, and prevent the fastening of a mastery upon the city which would not be easily shaken off, and of which the city has had bitter experience. Such power as that which is sought by Tammany Hall constantly becomes more despotic and corrupt, and its overthrow is in itself a high and praiseworthy object of the combined action of good citizens. The opportunity now offered for its overthrow, by the election of candidates who are in every way worthy of the warmest support, is one which such citizens will feel it to be the highest duty to improve.

WILLIAM M. DICKSON.

AMONG the victims of the late tragical catastrophe upon the inclined plane railway in Cincinnati was Judge WILLIAM M. DICKSON. He was a lawyer of distinction, but long withdrawn by ill health from the active practice of his profession. Judge DICKSON was one of that most valuable class of citizens who take the most active and intelligent interest in the observation of public affairs, which they seek to influence by the pen. He was an original anti-slavery Republican, and the personal friend of many of the Republican fathers. He served as Judge-Advocate, we believe, during some part of the war, and his occasional contributions to its secret history are very valuable and significant.

Judge DICKSON'S temperament was conservative, and he criticised with severity the earlier signs of difference of feeling among Republicans after the war. In this State he was disposed to chide those who did not yield patiently to the ascendency of Mr. CONKLING, and he doubted whether reform of the civil service was not chimerical, because it was questionable whether there must not be always a paid body of practical political managers. The Republican tradition was very strong in his affections, but his natural rectitude of mind and his clear intelligence came often in conflict with party ways and party chiefs. A student of society, with a deep instinct of justice and broad and sensitive human sympathies, he felt that there were questions of the utmost importance underlying ordinary party differences which could not be always postponed, and which were more wisely encountered frankly and carefully considered, while a native independence as it strengthened his convictions gradually released him from the mere bondage of party.

In 1884 Judge DICKSON was grievously disappointed by the Presidential nomination of his party, which seemed to him to indicate a serious change in its character and animating spirit. But the alternative of Democratic dominance was utterly distasteful to him. A subsequent visit to the Southern States enlightened him upon some preconceived points, and the CLEVELAND administration by no means justified the traditional view of the identity of Democratic domination and national decay. The President's message of 1887 announced in general a revenue policy which he approved, and during the campaign of 1888 he announced in a letter to the Lincoln Club his intention to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND. This year, believing that the Democratic party in Ohio had lost a great opportunity by not taking strong ground for tariff reform, and anticipating more effective temperance action from the Republicans, he had decided to support the re-election of Governor FORAKER, although the campaign, he said, had degenerated into mere personal defamation. Judge DICKSON was a man of that union of deep convictions, cultivated intelligence, and intellectual ability, upright character, political courage, and independence, which is peculiarly American. His sudden and lamentable death is a distinct loss to the forces of the best American citizenship. His name will not pass into our history, but it is such qualities as his that make it.

NOT TOO PERFECT.

SECRETARY NOBLE and Assistant Secretary BUSSEY have been trying to undo as much as possible of the mischief wrought by Commissioner TANNER. The Secretary's decision that the rerating of Senator MANDERSON was illegal, reversed action which Mr. TANNER intended should be general, and the Assistant Secretary has come to the rescue of the Treasury by rescinding the TANNER order that $4 per month should be the minimum pension rate. It was a favorite Republican criticism of the late administration that the Democratic party had lost the faculty of practical government. But whatever evidence of this fact that administration may have furnished, it gave no proof of incapacity so flagrant and outrageous as the appointment of Mr. TANNER to the control of the Pension Bureau.

The President was fully informed of the standing of Mr. TANNER in his own community, and of his fitness for an office of the importance and character of the Pension Commissionership. In no important office are sound discretion, thorough business habits, and a strong sense of responsibility more indispensable, and no man could have been readily found more destitute of them all than the one whom the President selected. It is impossible to suppose that he was intent upon finding the most suitable person for the place. All the facts show that the appointment was made not for the purpose of discharging the duties of the office most efficiently for the country, but to please the Grand Army and to carry out the policy of largess, which the President himself had declared ought not to be squeamish.

If there was a more wanton and unpardonable executive act of the highest public concern under the late administration, it has not yet been mentioned. Such an appointment to such an office is a striking illustration of the remark of the merry Mr. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH of Ohio, that this administration "is not spoiled by striving in this practical world for a mere ideal good and a perfection that pertaineth not to the earth."

The TANNER episode certainly justifies Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S observation.

IN VIRGINIA.

GENERAL MAHONE is what the Republican press calls a rebel brigadier. He is also a repudiator, and he has never been called, so far as we know, an upright politician. He is the Republican candidate for the Governorship of Virginia, and Mr. JOHN M. LANGSTON, a colored Virginian and a Republican, offered to stump the State for MAHONE "if he would agree not to use against colored citizens the power he got from them." He asked no personal favors, but only that the Republican State administration would deal honestly with his race.

General MAHONE would not give the pledge, and Mr. LANGSTON has gone to Ohio to stump for Governor FORAKER. It is understood that the Republican managers in Virginia insisted that he should speak to colored audiences only. In a word, the reports show that MAHONE and his managers share the general local feeling of the white citizens, and do not wish to favor what is called negro rule. Mr. FORTUNE, a colored writer, points out that this apprehension is unfounded, for the simple reason that the colored voters are not a majority, except in three States, and there is no reason to suppose that either in those States or elsewhere they will always vote as a race. Were they practically recognized as equal citizens, like naturalized foreigners elsewhere, Mr. FORTUNE evidently thinks that they would divide in political action like other citizens.

But it is significant that the first act of the movement to re-establish Republican dominance in a Southern State should be the practical repulsion of the colored vote by the refusal to accede to Mr. LANGSTON'S very reasonable request. If the projected crusade of a Republican League into those States should be carried out, how will this conduct of the Virginia campaign be explained? Republican leaders from the President down insist that no public question is more serious and pressing than the treatment of the colored citizens by Southern Democrats. But the Republican leader in Virginia, in order to gain white votes, declines even to promise justice to the colored citizens. Is that one of the signs that Virginia is turning her face to the morning?

THE THOMAS CONCERTS.

IT is pleasant to see that the arrival and domestication among us of eminent musical leaders, such as Mr. SEIDL and Mr. NIKISCH, do not disturb the loyalty of public feeling to their predecessor, the pioneer of the new music in this country, the NAPOLEON of conductors, THEODORE THOMAS. The series of concerts undertaken by him for the autumn, and greeted by an array of names which is a personal tribute to Mr. THOMAS of the most agreeable character, opened at Brooklyn with the utmost enthusiasm and success, which have continued in other cities. The New York concert will take place on the 6th of November, and we understand that its success is even now assured.

The letter addressed to Mr. THOMAS says, what is indisputable, "that no individual influence is more universally acknowledged, and none is more distinctive, constant, intelligent, and effective than yours." It adds that in the development of musical taste in the country his service has been signal. It is many years ago that in his summer nights' concerts, which recalled those of the elder STRAUSS in the Thiergarten at Berlin, Mr. THOMAS first introduced the music of WAGNER to Americans. It was then indeed the music of the future, but how near the future was could not be foreseen. The catholicity of Mr. THOMAS'S taste, shown at that time, is always remarkable, and he has always had the quality which is now remarked in Mr. NIKISCH—the power of imposing his own interpretation upon the music which he conducts.

The masterful gradation of time and shading of tone to develop the perfect expression imply something more than the careful and accurate student and devoted disciple of tradition. The great actor infuses into his part the character which his genius apprehends in it, whether the traditions of the theatre justify it or not. THOMAS in conducting re-creates, as it were, the composer composing. It is BEETHOVEN or MOZART, SCHUBERT or WAGNER that we hear. If we admit that music is one of the most powerful and refining of the higher forms of art, we shall gladly concede that the man who has fostered it so widely and effectively is in the true sense a public benefactor.

PERSONAL.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. ALLEN G. THURMAN is older than her husband, she is said to possess fewer of the infirmities of advancing years. One of her chief cares consists in supervising Judge THURMAN'S toilet, as he is notoriously careless as to his personal appearance. Mrs. THURMAN, on the contrary, dresses well, and is still an elegant-looking woman.

—Two hundred and thirty trains daily pass the little house at Médan where ÉMILE ZOLA pursues his literary labors. To this rural retreat ZOLA fled in 1878 to escape the annoyance of the host of tourists who filled Paris at the time of the Exposition. The house he occupies was originally a peasant's cabin, and contained but one room besides the kitchen. The latter M. ZOLA has converted into a reception-room, and has added to the cabin a circular hall and a large study.

—Steps are being taken to establish the Lucy Webb Hayes Seminary at Fremont, Ohio, as a memorial to the late Mrs. HAYES.

—RUBINSTEIN is not so old a man as one might suppose from the fact that he has completed fifty years of professional life. He began as an "infant prodigy" when nine years old, and carries his sixty years lightly. His figure is stalwart and athletic, his masses of black hair are hardly tinged with gray, his small black eyes are piercing, and his swarthy face is beardless. The great musician lives at St. Petersburg, where he holds a life pension as imperial concert director, and has been knighted in nearly every country of Europe. He is inclined to regard the future of music with apprehension, and fails to see where the next crop of composers and performers is to come from.

—Young MORGAN, the colored Harvard student whose choice as class orator has caused something of a sensation, was born at Petersburg, Virginia, and is twenty-eight years old. When his father was freed by the war he moved to Washington, where the son began his education. Young MORGAN has supported himself in college by following his trade as a barber, by serving as a hall-boy in a Saratoga hotel during the summer, and by other devices. He has already accumulated quite a library, and hopes to study law as soon as his college course is finished. MORGAN has negro features, but bright eyes and an intelligent forehead.

—A toyshop-keeper named JOHNSON, living at Bury St. Edmunds, a town in Suffolk County, England, was the original of Smike, one of DICKENS'S characters in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Not till long after the book was written did JOHNSON know how he had been honored, the facts in his life at Dotheboys' Hall being gleaned by Mr. DICKENS from others. JOHNSON says there was no exaggeration of the condition of affairs at the Hall, and corroborates everything, even to the administration by Mrs. Squeers of her favorite remedy of "flour of brimstone and molasses." He ran away from the school when he was fifteen years old.

—The slender form, blue eyes, fresh complexion, and winning manners of Miss MARY LOUISE WORLEY, of London, England, are not the characteristics usually associated with one who has distinguished herself so greatly in the higher branches of learning. She has won honors at London University, Girton College, and Cambridge, and has now passed the Master of Arts examination at the London University with first honors. Miss WORLEY'S taste has been principally for languages, and as a Sanscrit scholar she is said to have few rivals. Her father is a successful London physician.

—The heart of Queen MARIE of Bavaria was removed from her body soon after her death at Munich several months ago, and embalmed, according to a custom which has prevailed in the royal house since the Middle Ages. Recently it was placed in a silver urn, and taken with much pomp and ceremony to the ancient chapel of our Lady of Mercies, where it now rests in a niche of the chancel wall near the hearts of kings and queens who died centuries ago.

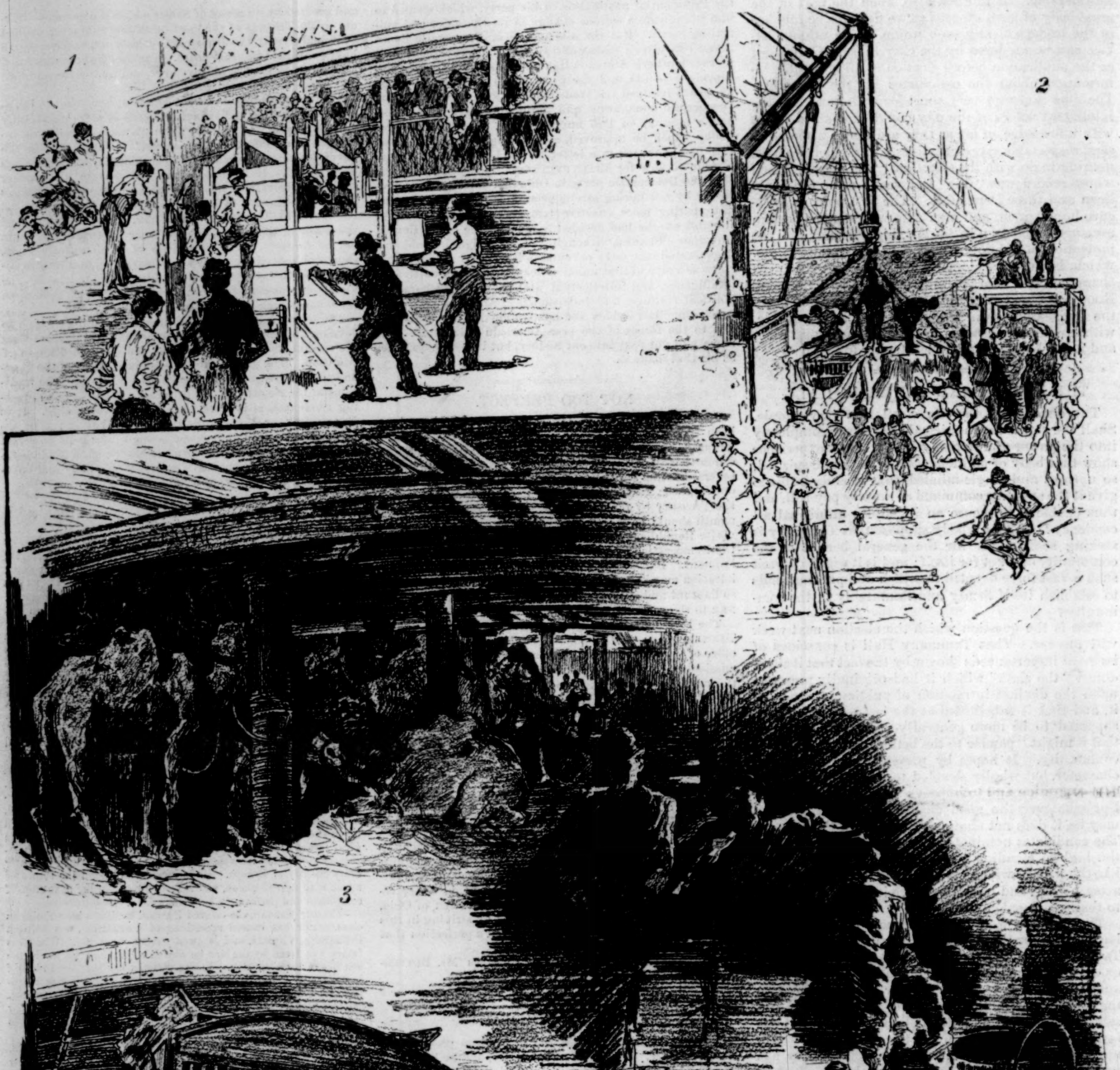
—Senator EVARTS is an omnivorous reader, and is said to be especially fond of books on metaphysics, or those devoted to the discussion of economic or sociological problems.

—Professor DAVID P. TODD, of Amherst College, who is in charge of the party of scientists now on their way to the west coast of Africa to observe the eclipse of the sun, is a comparatively young man. He was born at Lake Ridge, New York, in 1855, and twenty years later was graduated at Amherst. When only twenty-three years old he directed a government expedition that was sent to Texas to observe an eclipse.

—Lord TENNYSON enjoys better health at present than he has known before for some time. He may be seen almost daily in some of the beautiful walks or drives in the vicinity of Haslemere.

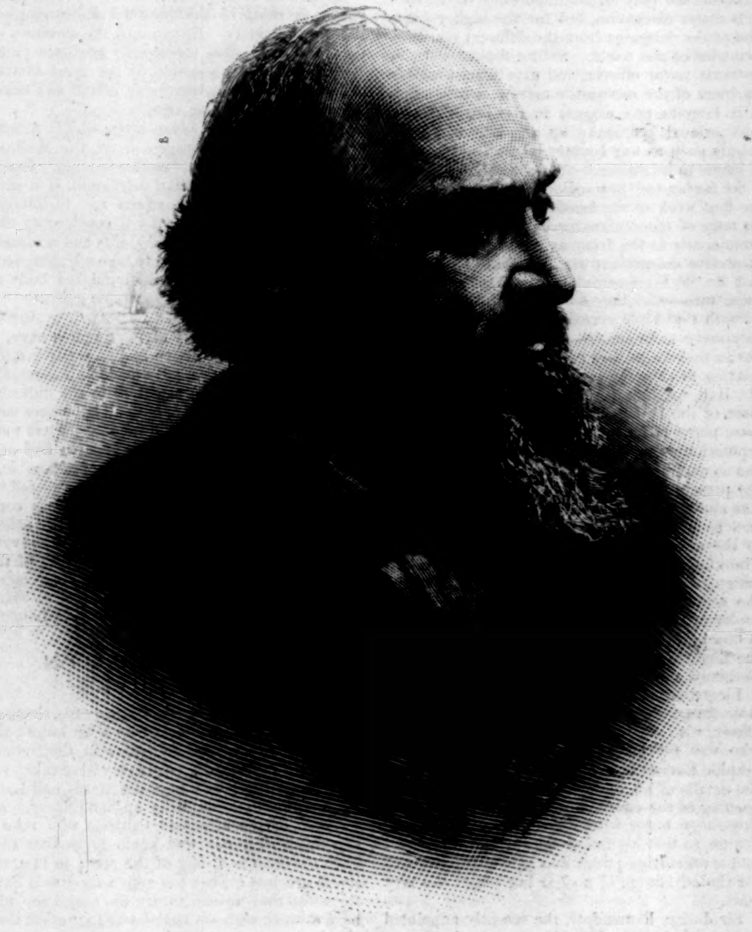
—Hon. FRANCIS W. BIRD, known as "the Sage of Walpole," and honored for his honesty and strict devotion to Democratic principles, has just observed his eightieth birthday at his home in East Walpole, Massachusetts. Mr. BIRD was graduated at Brown University in 1831, and has attended every Commencement but three since he left his *alma mater*.

—Rev. JOSEPH COOK has bought the summit of Mount Defiance in his native town of Ticonderoga, New York, and will put up a monument, it is said, commemorating both the deeds of ETHAN ALLEN and his heroes, and those of the soldiers from Ticonderoga who fell in the late war.



EMBARKATION OF BARNUM'S CIRCUS ON THE STEAM-SHIP "FURNESSIA."—Sketches from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.—[See Page 879.]

1. Bringing on the Horses. 2. Hoisting Cages. 3. In the Hold. 4. Cages between Decks. 5. Jumbo's Baby. 6. Elephants waiting to "go on."



GENERAL GREEN B. RAUM, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.

GREEN B. RAUM was born in Golconda, Pope County, Illinois, December 3, 1829. He attended the public schools, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. Three years later he took his family to Kansas. It was in the midst of the great struggle for freedom, and his influence was at once thrown on the side of the Free State party. Such action was dangerous, and for his family's sake he moved back to Illinois in 1857, settling at Harrisburg. At this time, and until 1861, Mr. Raum professed himself a Democrat. But he was heartily for the Union, and when the war broke out he enlisted, and was appointed Major in the Fifty-sixth Illinois Regiment. In the campaign of 1862 he served under General Rosecrans in Mississippi, and at the battle of Corinth he distinguished himself by leading an effective charge. He was with General Grant during the siege of Vicksburg, and after the fall of that city went with him to Chattanooga. He was wounded at Mission Ridge, but soon recovered sufficiently to resume his duties, and was intrusted with important commands during the Atlanta campaign, holding the lines of communication between Dalton and Rome, and defending Resaca against Hood's assault. When he finally resigned his commission he had risen from Major to Brigadier-General.

In 1866 General Raum was elected to Congress, and served one term. His next prominent action in politics was in 1876, when he was president of the State Republican Convention, and a delegate to the National Convention that nominated Mr. Hayes. He was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue August 2, 1876, and served nearly seven years. He was an efficient officer, and did a great deal to break up the "moonshiners" in the South, and to simplify and systematize the work of his bureau. During his term of office he collected $850,000,000 for the government, and disbursed $30,000,000. His official reports are models of their kind.

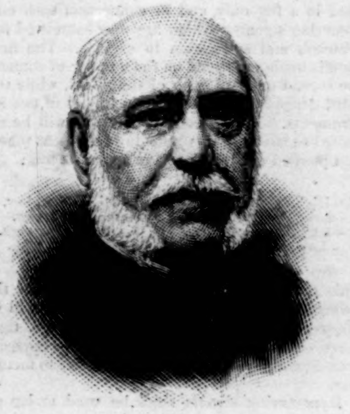
Since 1883 General Raum has practised law, principally in revenue cases, in Washington. He is an uncompromising Republican, and is the author of *The Existing Conflict between Republican Government and Southern Oligarchy*, a book whose title sufficiently indicates his opinion on the Southern question. He is of course a member of the G. A. R., and has long been prominent in that organization.

THE WORK OF THE MARITIME CONFERENCE.

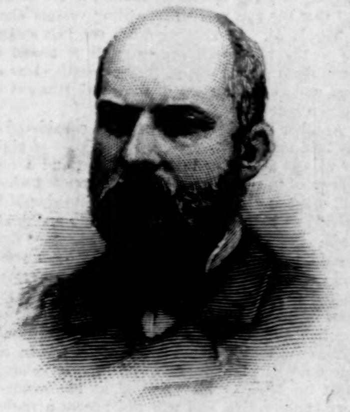
AN international conference is being held at Washington, having for its object the securing of greater safety to life and property on the high seas and coast waters than is at present obtainable with the dissimilar and frequently conflicting signalling systems in vogue on ships of different nationalities. Among the measures which Congressman Perry Belmont pushed through Congress before he went to Madrid was one appropriating $20,000 for the expenses of such a conference. The bill authorized the President to invite the governments of all maritime countries to send delegates to Washington, and provided for the appointment of seven American delegates—two of whom shall be officers of the United States navy, and one an official of the life-saving service, two masters from the merchant marine (one from a sailing vessel, the other from a steamer), and two citizens familiar with shipping and admiralty practice—to represent the United States. The delegates appointed were Rear-Admiral S. R. Franklin and Commander W. P. Sampson, U.S.N.; S. J. Kimball, General Superintendent Life-saving Service; James W. Norcross, master mariner; John W. Shackford, master, merchant marine; W. W. Goodrich, counsellor at law; and C. A. Griscom, President International Navigation Company.

As an indication of the importance of the task committed to the conference, take what is known as the "rule of the road." Just as in the crowded streets of New York there are certain regulations observed by the drivers of vehicles in passing and crossing each other, so, to provide as far as possible against collisions, certain rules have been invented which all vessels are bound to respect in a crowded seaway, where ships of all kinds are sailing in all directions, some crossing each other, some overtaking and passing others, some meeting, and some lying at anchor. For instance, (1) when two sailing ships are approaching one another so as to involve risk of collision, the ship that is running free must keep out of the way of the ship that is close-hauled, while if both ships are close-hauled, the one on the port tack must keep out of the way of the one on the starboard tack; (2) if two ships under steam are meeting each other end on, each is bound to alter her course to starboard, so that each may pass on the port side of the other; (3) when two steam-vessels are crossing each other so as to involve risk of collision, the steamer that has the other steamer on her own starboard hand shall give way. And, once more, there is another very sensible rule, that when one ship—whether a steamer or a sailing vessel—is overtaking another, she must keep away from the ship that she is overtaking. So there is no absolute necessity to keep a lookout astern; the ship that is astern must keep clear of the vessel ahead. These are only instances from the code known to sailors as the "rule of the road," but they will suffice to show the nature of the whole.

One would think that with so many rules collisions ought to be less frequent than they are; but some navigators are wonderfully careless. It is by no means an uncommon thing on a dark night to find large vessels under full canvas with no lights



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE (BRITISH MINISTER).



LIEUTENANT V. L. COTTMAN (SECRETARY UNITED STATES DELEGATION).

FREDERICK W. VERNEY (SIAM).

BARON DE SPAUN (AUSTRIA-HUNGARY).

CAPTAIN P. T. SALVESEN (NORWAY).

F. S. MALMBERG (SWEDEN).

CAPTAIN A. M. BISBEE (CHINA).

DR. F. SIEVEKING (GERMANY).

THEODORE VERBRUGGHE (BELGIUM).

COMMANDER CHEN NGEN TAO (CHINA).

A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL MARITIME CONGRESS IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MAINLY BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

at all. Often their lights have been mounted, but from want of attention have gone out. Frequently there is no proper lookout kept, and many other things are done which place in jeopardy not only their own lives, but the lives of other people. It is the commonest thing in the world for fishing-boats to be lying right in the track of steamers, with no light up, and the only wonder is that they are not run down and sunk oftener than they are. Again, it is not always because the two vessels come suddenly upon each other that a collision occurs. Occasionally it has happened that the officers in charge have been looking at each other's ships for ten minutes or more, and neither has altered his course, because each has thought that the other would do so. At the last moment it has been too late for either to do it, and a collision has been the result. Collisions at sea do sometimes occur through a sort of spirit of obstinacy: neither ship will give way to the other. Or, more frequently, men keep on hesitating as to what to do, and then ten to one the result is a smash. The necessity of revising the present rules of the road has therefore been strongly insisted on by experienced seafaring men for a long time, and it will doubtless be recognized by the conference. One of these rules in particular is a very obnoxious one to masters of steamers, and will certainly be amended; it is that one which gives the right of way to all sailing vessels over all steamers, regardless of the size or position of the latter. In case of collision, the fact that damages must always be paid by the steamer places a premium upon accidents in favor of the captain of the sailing vessel. The quarrel between the steam-ship and the sailing vessel will also involve the proposal of a law requiring that sailing vessels in the vicinity of steamers shall display some signal before tacking or wearing. On the other hand, the steam-ship people will be asked to provide some noiseless method of blowing off steam, because when a steamer carrying the high pressures now required stops for any purpose, the noise of the escaping steam deadens all other sound, rendering it impossible to distinguish sound signals of any kind. It has also been proposed that the speed of steam vessels while running in a fog should be limited to six knots, and that the sail carried by sailing vessels shall be regulated. By slowing down the fast steamers to the low speed suggested, it is hoped to make them seek a course further south, clear of fogs, and in the interest of the establishment of "ocean lanes."

Another very important subject considered is the best manner of arranging the lights at night on vessels at sea or in the harbors, and a new system of "range lights" will be proposed which will make it essential that these lights should be carried as high up as possible on the mainmast, while the present mast-head steaming light should be on the outermost of the head stays, and the red and green lights, if they are retained, should be in the same vertical panel with this mast-head light. In order to avoid confusion, the lights in use at present are to be continued without change, and all innovations are in the introduction of additional lights. The change must be more or less gradual, as the sailor is very conservative, and will not accept a radical change. But the change would doubtless be an admirable one, for experience has again and again demonstrated that colored lights cannot be seen as far as white lights, and it would seem to be advisable to substitute for the two side colored lights one bright white light, carried at the end of the head booms on sailing vessels and on a staff in the bows of steamers. The chief and very apparent advantages of this single front range light would be that it could not be obscured by sails or rigging; that being further forward, it would afford a better range; that being higher above the sea-level, it would be less likely to be washed away in bad weather; that one light is less expensive than two, particularly when the two are colored lights; and, finally, that a white light can be seen twice as far off as a red, and three times as a green light is visible. Experience has shown that pilots who were color blind have been able to successfully avoid vessels carrying range lights, which they were able to distinguish at a greater distance than those who were not color blind could see the colored lights. The intensity of the electric lights carried in the saloons and cabins of passenger steamers has resulted in an almost total eclipse of the green side light, which in such vessels can now hardly be distinguished until almost too close to serve as a guide for the avoidance of collision. On this account, as well as because it is thought that a different arrangement of lights will result in a quicker perception of the fact that an approaching vessel has altered her course, it is proposed eventually to do away with the colored side lights, and substitute in their stead one bright white light, to be carried on the booms or forward stay. Another advantage to be gained by the proposed range lights would be that by them the international and the local American laws are harmonized. The system is so arranged that vessels one is apt to meet least frequently carry one range light, fast steamers two, while steamers towing or disabled carry three lights, and so on; and thus the very earliest information regarding the character of the approaching vessel is given, while the speed of a steamer can be determined approximately, and the course a vessel is steering can be determined within a point. The more the system is studied, the more admirable does it appear.

Take the case of the transatlantic steamers again, with their innumerable electric lights. These very rows of lights would, under the proposed system, act as range lights, and render the side lights almost useless, except when end on. The use of the two white range lights, denoting over fifteen knots speed, would prove a sufficient warning to tramps not to cross the bows of such vessels. The subject is not nearly exhausted, for the question of complete safety in perfect ease and freedom of motion at sea is an extremely complicated one, but enough has been said to show the advantages of the proposed system of range lights over the present imperfect and primitive one, in which a couple of colored mediæval hobgoblins are the only resources to meet the thousand and one exigencies of modern marine engineering.

The next interesting question is that of signalling. It has long been found necessary to have some method of signalling between vessels in order to indicate what their intentions are regarding a change of course; and the great point is to make instruments used for this purpose as simple and inexpensive as they can be made consistent with efficiency. Consequently all automatic appliances, with more or less complicated attachments liable to get out of order when most needed, should be carefully avoided. Sound instruments should be of uniform size, pattern, and power, and should be required to pass a rigid government inspection before they can be sold or used. Other suggestions are as follows: all steamers shall carry steam-whistles as now required by law. Large sailing vessels shall carry fog-horns connected directly with compressed air-receivers, which, together with the necessary air-pump, shall be securely fastened to the deck below. The horns shall be fitted to a pipe passing through the deck, and shall be arranged so that they can be readily unshipped. Small sailing craft shall carry gongs instead of the mouth horns now required by law. The fog-horns now used on sailing vessels, even if new and in good condition, cannot be heard over half a mile; while on board steamers, owing to the rush of the water, the throbbing of the engines, and so forth, they cannot often be heard at all. The gong is proposed as being simple, cheap, and not liable to be injured by sea-water. It has three times the range of the fish-horn and ten times its life. The Chinese have used it for years with great success, and make with it long or short sounds at will.

Lieutenant Blow, the officer in charge of the Branch Hydrographic Office in New York, has drawn up three codes of compass signals—to be used in a fog only, and in connection with manœuvring signals—which are now submitted for criticism and suggestion to experts. The first code is made to depend on the number of sounds, the second on the length of the sound, while the third depends upon the different tones of two instruments. In this code each vessel will be required to have two instruments of different tones, and pitched about one octave apart. Thus:

N.—High.	N.E.—High, high, low.
S.—Low.	S.E.—Low, high, low.
E.—High, low.	N.W.—High, low, high.
W.—Low, high.	S.W.—Low, low, high.

This scale will give the reader an idea of the principle of the other codes as well. It will be observed that no signal contains more than three sounds, and opposite points have opposite sounds, making the combinations easier to memorize.

Manœuvring signals shall be used under all circumstances when two vessels are approaching each other so as to involve danger of collision, whether the compass signals are to be used or not. The present code used by sailing vessels—one blast of horn: "I am on starboard tack;" two blasts: "I am on port tack"—is not absolutely useless, but is quite apt to be an additional cause of disaster. For instance, steamers moving at the rate of ten knots per hour will, as a general rule, draw the wind ahead, and make it a matter of guesswork to determine the true direction of the wind and the course the sailing vessel is heading. The following manœuvring signals are therefore made obligatory, and shall be used in addition to any code of compass signals which may hereafter be adopted. These signals shall apply to sailing vessels as well as to steamers, and shall take the place of the "optional helm signals":

One long sound: "I am directing my course to starboard."

Two long sounds: "I am directing my course to port."

Three long sounds: "I am being towed by the vessel ahead." (This signal will be used only in thick and foggy weather.) The vessel towing will make the regular "manœuvring" and "compass" signals.

Any number of short rapid sounds is to mean: "I am backing full speed," for a steamer; or, "I am manœuvring to avoid collision," for sailing vessel. This signal, the present "danger signal," will also be used as a call for assistance.

Rapid ringing of ship's bell: "I have anchored, or have stopped my ship, and am lying 'dead' in the water."

Compass signals shall be used in a fog only, and in connection with manœuvring signals. There shall not be more than eight signals, denoting every four points of the compass steered by a vessel, and no signal shall consist of more than four distinct sounds. The compass code shall be plainly marked on the compass card, so as to be always visible to the officer in charge of the bridge. A vessel towing another in a fog shall give the compass signal, while the vessel being towed shall sound three long blasts of the whistle or horn, or make three long sounds on the gong.

The conference met on October 20th, and after two days' discussion of the proposed changes in the rule of the road, adjourned till the 28th, to consider the changes and amendments so far proposed. The only striking incident of the meeting in its early stage was the blunt proposal of one of the German delegates to increase the speed of steam-ships when sailing through fog. The proposal was strongly supported, but it is unlikely that it will be seriously considered.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE CONFERENCE.

The International Maritime Conference is remarkable not only for the importance of the subjects under discussion, but for the high reputation of the delegates from the different maritime countries of the world. Skilful diplomatists, illustrious naval officers, and experienced master mariners of the mercantile marine, astute admiralty lawyers, and experts in the intricacies of international law, make up a galaxy of all the talents such as any country might feel proud to welcome to its shores.

So far as the proceedings have gone during the first week of the meeting, two of the cleverest men of the conference have already stepped prominently to the front as spokesmen for their respective delegations, viz., Mr. Hall of England, and Mr. W. W. Goodrich of New York. Both of these men—and they admire each other with a warmth that their occasional tilts in opposition only serve to intensify—are recognized authorities in their respective countries on all questions relating to shipping interests and maritime law. Mr. Hall, member of Parliament, is a legal adviser of the Prince of Wales, as well as his intimate personal friend, and he enjoys a European reputation as an admiralty lawyer. Mr. Goodrich has so distinguished himself since the opening of the present conference that on the 22d inst. he was appointed chairman of the American delegation as a fitting recognition of his prominence in the discussions of the conference. Admiral Franklin, whom he succeeds, was compelled to resign the position, as the duties of president of the conference left him no time to act as the leader of the American delegates. Mr. Goodrich is now in a better position to cope with Mr. Hall, the English chairman, and with Dr. Sieveking of Germany, another able and active delegate.

Lieutenant V. L. Cottman, secretary of the American delegation, is a bright and experienced officer, with a tremendous capacity for work, who was for many years head of the Hydrographic Bureau of New York. Multitudinous as the details of his duties as secretary were on the opening of the conference, he had everything in ship-shape order within two days of his taking charge, so that his fellow-delegates are indebted to his organizing power and unwearied industry for the advantage of a clear horizon at the very start.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the recently appointed British Minister to Washington, who is also to take a part in the business of the conference, is too well known to require description. His large eyes, strongly English features and expression, and courtly bearing make him a familiar figure in Washington. He is a studious, observant man, who has steadily worked his way up through the lower departments of the state service to his present position; but what will perhaps be of more value to him in the conference is that he is an experienced traveller, having, among many other excursions to foreign countries, made three voyages to China from England, during which he was led to observe the working of the present incongruous marine code in Eastern waters. Before the opening of the conference Sir Julian, on his return from England, expressed doubts as to the possible usefulness of the conference.

The name of Captain Bisbee among the Chinese delegates is one which hardly smacks of the terminology of the Flowery Kingdom, and yet he is one of the most trusted and valued servants of the remote and semi-sacred court of Pekin. Captain Bisbee is an American who has served the Chinese government uninterruptedly for twenty years. He has four Chinamen as associate delegates, the chief of whom is Commander Chen Ngen Tao, of the Imperial Chinese Navy, a young man of thirty-five, with a competent knowledge of English.

Captain F. S. Malmberg, of the Swedish delegation, is chief of the Nautical Meteorological Bureau of Norway. He is one of the members of the conference who strenuously advocate (with Mr. Goodrich) the adoption of the same system of lights for vessels traversing inland and coast waters as for sea-going vessels.

The flag of Austria is not often seen in American waters, but to voyagers down the Mediterranean and Levant it is familiar enough. Baron de Spaun, of the Austrian delegation, is a man experienced in maritime affairs and in international law, and his shrewd but conciliatory disposition, joined to undoubted ability and readiness of resource, will enable him to take a leading part in the discussions of this distinguished body of men from all parts of the habitable globe.

Captain P. T. Salvesen, a Norway delegate and one of the ablest officers of the Swedish navy, is another of the most active and suggestive intellects of the conference. He made an impression at the start by calling attention to the difficulty of finding a word that would in all languages convey the idea of "carry," and the interpreters were at once directed by the conference to find and agree upon a word that would be more flexible.

Little populous Belgium is ably represented by Mr. Theo Verbrugghe, who, in a vigorous composite speech of English and French, called attention to the difficulty that would arise in the event of a change in the present code, because of the difference between the standards of measurement.

Mr. Frederick W. Verney, who represents Siam, is an attaché of the Siamese Legation in London.

SNAG-BOAT WORK ON WESTERN RIVERS.

Since the advent of the steam horse, those of Uncle Sam's good subjects who have known the delightful experiences of travel in the "stern-wheelers" on Western rivers may have taken the idea into their heads that the rivers and boats had nothing to do but "dry up" and decay.

Those of the aforesaid subjects who take a slip down river now and again know that they have not done anything of the sort; in fact, the rivers are just a little too active for Uncle Sam, for while they refuse to dry up, they keep him hard at work with his snag-boats to prevent their choking up.

These boats are built entirely of steel, in the strongest manner possible, have powerful engines, and a hull in two sections (an enlarged model boot-jack); fitted with powerful steel derricks, chains, and metal tackle, they are forced up to the heaviest obstructions, and lift them easily from the narrow channels of the rivers. During low water all the channels used by passenger and freight steamers are patrolled by these boats, and dangerous snags are pulled out as fast as they are uncovered by the falling water. During high water, and after each of the sudden rises for which these rivers are notable, it is the duty of these boats to watch for the "floaters"—a term applied to heavy débris and boats adrift; in event of fire, to assist in silencing the conflagration with her big pumps; and in breaking up and clearing away fallen bridges or wreckage in the channel or at landings by aid of a peculiar and powerful steel hook attached to her fore-derrick, called, in river-men's parlance, a "parrot nose."

There are a number of these boats, and each carries the usual list of officers, engineers, and crew. Without their aid the Western rivers in many places would be rendered entirely unnavigable on account of "snags" and "floaters."

FAMILIAR.

INSPECTOR. "Are you familiar with the requirements of an elector, sir?"
DENNIS. "Phwhat's that?"
INSPECTOR. "Are you entitled to vote, sir?"
DENNIS. "Faith, an' oi am that; it's tin days oi've been in the counthry, and it's foor toimes oi've registered to-day, already."

SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUI INDIANS.

BY WILLIAM M. EDWARDY.

THE reservation of the Moqui Indians is situated in northern Arizona, about ninety miles from the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. It is a wild, desolate country, with innumerable buttes rising abruptly out of barren sandy plains, and deep cañons which extend for hundreds of miles. There are a few stunted trees upon the mesas, an occasional spring, and now and then a valley fertile enough to yield a scanty crop of grain; yet uninviting as the country is, the Moqui Indians have for centuries made it their home. Here they have lived almost unknown to the outside world, mingling little with the neighboring tribes, and preserving their own strange traditions, and practising their mystic religious rites. The agency is located at Keam's Cañon—a picturesque gorge in the heart of the reservation—and here the government has erected suitable buildings and established a school. Competent teachers have been employed, and every effort has been made to educate and enlighten the tribe; but the superstitions of centuries cannot be readily broken down, and the masses of the Moquis still cling to their traditions, and remain as densely ignorant as they were hundreds of years ago. The three principal villages are twelve miles from Keam's Cañon, and are built on a mesa, or table-land, which rises six hundred feet above the level of the surrounding plain. The sides of the mesa are almost perpendicular, and there is but one means of approach, which is by way of a narrow, rugged roadway winding upward along the sides of the cliffs. The mesa is not more than three hundred feet in width at the broadest point, and in some places narrows down to ten feet. The Moqui villages are built very much after the same style as those of the Pueblo Indians, and the houses rise one above the other on successive terraces of solid stone. About four hundred Moquis live upon the mesa, and although a different language is spoken in each of the three villages, all of the people belong to the same tribe. They originally inhabited the plains to the north and east, but were driven out by other tribes, and settling upon the mesa, made common cause against their enemies. There is no water or vegetation upon the mesa, and the Indians have their fields and cattle in the valleys below.

The traditions of the Moquis extend far back into the past, and their religion and customs antedate the earliest history of the aboriginal tribes. They have many feasts and ceremonies, and a host of gods; but as all of their religious doctrines are clothed in mystery, it is difficult to ascertain what tenets they really entertain.

In this article I have accepted the traditions of the Moquis as interpreted to me by people who have lived among the tribe and used every effort to secure a correct version.

Of all the religious festivals of the Moquis the "snake dance" is the most sacred, and to any one unacquainted with their mysteries it is certainly the most wonderful. It occurs only once every two years, and is celebrated with a fervor and solemnity which show how deeply rooted in the minds of the Indians are the superstitions which have come down to them through ages of the past.

According to their traditions, the tribe once inhabited a fertile plain far to the north, upon the banks of a great stream. Among their people was a youth named *Tijo*, who sought to discover the basin into which the great river flowed. He left his people, and following the course of the stream, pushed on toward its mouth. He was gone for many years, and finally came upon the great water-house into which the river flowed. Here he found the "snake people," a supernatural race, who inhabited a beautiful land. He lived among them, and after many ages had passed returned to his tribe, bringing with him the mysteries which cannot be told. He also brought with him two wives, who were called *chua mana*, or snake virgins, and by them he had many children, all of whom were snakes. These snakes were very wicked, and attacked the people of the tribe. Many were bitten and died, and the remainder were forced to fly for safety to the mesa where they now dwell. After a while the snakes ceased their warfare, and as it was discovered that they were in constant communication with the "snake people," they became the messengers between the Moquis and the gods of the underworld.

With the Moquis the underworld corresponds in some measure with our idea of heaven, and it is composed of three successive chambers or degrees. In the first or lowest chamber there is little or no vegetation or light; in the second, more light and vegetation; and in the third the conditions are about the same as upon the earth. Death is not feared, and the grave is regarded as the gateway to the underground world. Great care is taken in providing tombs for the dead, and in former times the last resting-place of a Moqui Indian was even more spacious and artistic in design than the house in which he had passed his life.

It is confidently believed that man sprang from the underworld, and at death returns to it; and while the Moquis have no idea of a devil or such a place as hell, they believe in demoniac influences, which can only be removed by the interposition of the gods of the underworld.

In most of the Moqui religious festivals there are masked dancers, who personate *katcinas*, or messengers to the gods, and the festival which precedes the "snake dance" is called the feast of the returning *katcinas*. At this time the messengers are all supposed to go home to the underworld, leaving only the snake messengers behind. After a certain number of days has elapsed the "snake dance" is held, which really signifies nothing more nor less than the starting of the snake *katcinas* on their journey to the underworld.

Preparations for the "snake dance" begin four days before the dance, the first work being the capture of a large number of reptiles. Until the time of the last dance, which took place on August 17th, no one knew how the living snakes were caught and handled. Various theories were advanced, some people saying that they were drugged, and others contending that they were caught with forked sticks, and their fangs afterward drawn. Both theories have been proven incorrect by the experience of three intelligent gentlemen, attaches of the agency, who were permitted to accompany the Indians on their last hunt. It was then clearly demonstrated that the Moquis control the most venomous serpents by some unknown influence, and capture and handle them with seeming ease.

On the first morning of the hunt the "Snake men," some forty in number, assembled at the "*chua kiva*," or temple of the Snake chief, and prepared for their work. Divesting themselves of all clothing but the breech-clout, they painted their bodies a dark brown color, and unloosing their long black hair, allowed it to flow in tangled masses over the shoulders. Each man was then given a drink of holy water, which had been blessed and prayed over by the Snake chief, and small bags of sacred meal were distributed among them. This sacred meal is held in the greatest reverence by the Moquis. It is made from the corn which is the principal article of food upon which they subsist, and is therefore emblematic of the power which imparts life. The meal is ground and prepared by a virgin of the tribe, under the sacred influences invoked by the incantations of the Snake chief.

The ceremonies being at an end, some of the men were given large eagle feathers, which they carried in their hands, and others were provided with buckskin bags and common garden hoes. Thus equipped, they were ready for the hunt, and the entire party, with solemn faces and without speaking a word, filed out of the *kiva*, and made their way down into the valley below. The three white men already mentioned followed at a short distance behind, but close enough to see all that was done. In the valley the Indians halted at a spring, where each man drank of the water, and then standing up, facing the east, cast some of the sacred meal into the air, muttering as he did so a low melodious chant. They next spread out, like soldiers in skirmish line, some twenty feet apart, and moved across the plain in gloomy silence, carefully scrutinizing each clump of sage-brush as they passed.

It was not long before a motion from one of the Indians drew all of the others toward him, and with tread so soft and stealthy that not a leaf or rock was disturbed, they closed in around a bush under which a huge rattler was coiled. So softly did they approach that the snake did not seem alarmed, and, contrary to the usual custom of his species, failed to sound his warning note. He eyed the circle of dusky forms around him, and gracefully arched his glossy neck, but made no move to strike. The Snake chief now advanced to within a few feet of the snake, and sprinkled upon him some of the sacred meal, which action was followed by each of the other men in turn. Next, one of the Indians left the circle, and going up close to the snake, began to stroke him with the eagle feather which he carried in his hand. The tickling of the feather seemed to soothe or charm the snake in some way, for he ceased to wave his head, and gradually relaxed his coil. While this was going on, one of the Indians who carried a hoe came up, and cut away the brush under which the snake had been found. The Indian continued to stroke the snake with his feather until he had entirely uncoiled, and straightening out to his full length, started to glide sluggishly away. As he did so, the snake charmer, with a quick movement of his right hand, grasped him by the body about four inches from the head, and boldly lifted him from the ground. The rattler squirmed for a moment, but as his captor gently stroked him by drawing his left hand downward over his body, he quieted down, and finally allowed himself to be thrust head-first into one of the buckskin bags.

The snake was captured so easily and in such a short space of time that the Indians only halted a few minutes, and then resumed their hunt. The search for snakes was kept up until night came on, and this was repeated each day of the hunt, until in four days nearly two hundred snakes of all sizes and varieties had been caught. There were yellow and brown rattlesnakes, small black rattlers, bull-snakes, garter-snakes, whip-snakes, and common house-snakes—all of which were taken to the snake *kiva*, where they were kept until the time of the dance.

In the *kiva* no effort was made to keep the snakes confined; they were simply thrown in a heap in one corner of the large square underground room, and here they coiled and twisted themselves in a tangled mass, without fighting among themselves or attempting to harm their keepers. Some of the Snake men were constantly on watch in the *kiva*, where they preserved the same solemn silence which had characterized them during the hunt. Occasionally some snake would loose himself from the writhing mass and crawl across the smooth stone floor, but some one of the keepers would quickly pick him up and place him back in the corner where he belonged.

On the morning of the dance a huge *olla* or earthen jar of water was carried into the *kiva*, and one after another the snakes were carefully washed, after which they were placed on a heap of clean white sand to dry. During this washing process the snakes were completely under the control of the Snake men, who handled them without any evidences of fear. The whole operation was performed with such apparent ease that the deadliest of American serpents really seemed to be as harmless as doves.

The next ceremony in preparation for the dance was the assembling of nearly the whole tribe in and around the *mong kiva*, or chief *kiva*, where Wiki, the withered and wrinkled old Snake chief, offered up prayer in front of an altar, and blessed the people, particularly the children, of the tribe. Both the *chua kiva* and *mong kiva* are nothing more than large underground chambers hewn out of the rock, and have only one means of entrance or exit, which is through a narrow square opening like a hatchway, a heavy oaken ladder taking the place of stairs. In the *mong kiva* the altar consists of a square piece of coarsely woven woollen cloth, upon which are four bands representing the seasons, and zigzag stripes representing the lightning. This *kiva* is presided over by the "Antelopes"—an order of the snake dancers which is supposed to represent the spiritual element. The snake *kiva* is in charge of the Snake men, who represent the warlike element. The altar in this *kiva* has upon it the representation of a mountain-lion, instead of the symbols used in the *mong kiva*. Over the entrance to each of the *kivas* were suspended a bow and arrows, together with long shreds of wool, eagle feathers, fox and weasel skins. These symbols were intended to represent the power of the order to bring rain to the high rocks of the eagle's home and the prairie holes of the weasel and fox. The bow represented power; the arrows, lightning; the shreds of wool, falling rain; the feathers and skins, the homes of the eagle, weasel, and fox.

As the time for the dance drew near, the Snakes and Antelopes all repaired to the *chua kiva*, where they decorated themselves in a gorgeous and hideous manner. The Antelopes painted the upper part of their faces white and the chin black, while the Snakes did just the reverse. All donned head-dresses of eagles' feathers, except the Antelope chief, who wore a crown of green cotton-wood leaves. Short skirts of buckskin and white woollen cloth, buckskin moccasins, and girdles completed the costume. Each man wore armlets and leg bands of metal, necklaces of beads, bears' claws, and mountain-lions' teeth; while all of the Antelopes had garlands of cotton-wood leaves. The costumes of the Snakes and Antelopes were made of newly tanned buckskin and newly made woollen cloth. None of them had ever been worn before, but they were made in the same style after which the snake dancers' garments have been made through all ages of the past. There has never been any change or innovation in this dress, and the Moquis will tell you that it is fashioned after the garb of the "snake people" whom *Tijo*, the snake hero, found on the banks of the great water-house into which the river flowed.

The "snake dance" takes place on a narrow ledge which lies between the terraced dwellings of the Moquis and the great precipice which rises perpendicularly from the plains. It does not begin until a late hour in the afternoon, and is so arranged that it will end in time for the snakes to be turned loose just as the sun is going down. The dance is opened by a grim-visaged old sub-chief, who emerges from the *chua kiva*, bearing upon his back a great buckskin bag, into which all of the snakes have been put. This bag he deposits in the *kisa*, or shade-house, a tent-shaped structure made of green cotton-wood boughs. The *kisa* has only a small entrance, over which is loosely hung a tanned deer-hide, and to enter this it is necessary to go upon hands and knees. In front of the entrance is a long narrow opening hewn in the rocks, which is closed by a heavy oaken trap-door, and is supposed to represent a gateway to the underworld.

After the snakes had been deposited in the *kisa*, the Antelopes came out of the *chua kiva*, and in single file marched past the *kisa*. There were twelve Antelopes in this first procession, ranging in size and age from old men to little tots not more than three or four years of age. Each one carried in his right hand a peculiar-looking rattle made of tortoise-shell, and in his left a *chau vwapi*, or snake-whip, made of two eagle feathers fastened to the end of a stick some eight or ten inches in length. The rattles used are of unknown antiquity, and are supposed to have been brought from the sea-shore in some remote age.

As the Antelopes passed in front of the *kisa* they began to shake their rattles vigorously, and each one stamped with his right foot upon the wooden trap-door. This was done in order to notify the gods of the underworld that the dance was about to begin. After passing the *kisa* twice, the Antelopes arranged themselves in a line to the right of and facing the open space where the dance was to take place. As their march ended the Snakes appeared and went through the same performance. At the end of the second round in front of the *kisa* they drew up in single file facing the Antelopes. The Snakes were thirty-nine in number, and carried only eagle feathers in their hands. Like the Antelopes, they were of all sizes and ages, and the little boys were constantly watched over and prompted by the men. Just as the Snakes halted, ten or twelve women appeared upon the scene, bearing small coconina vessels filled with sacred meal. They grouped themselves irregularly to the right of the Antelopes, and took no part in the dance, except to scatter meal upon the dancers as they passed. The dress of the women did not differ materially from the ordinary gaudy attire worn by the squaws of other tribes. The only noticeable feature was the *mana dish*, or virgin coil, which distinguished the marriageable girls. Their hair was done up in two coils resembling in shape the squash blossom, which among the Moquis is an emblem of fertility and productiveness.

Standing facing each other, the Snakes and Antelopes began to sway their bodies from right to left, and with a slow motion to wave their eagle feathers from side to side. This movement was accompanied by the shaking of rattles and a low measured chant, which sounded like the dull humming of an enormous bumblebee. At intervals a sort of refrain was given in a louder tone, and at its conclusion each dancer would stamp his right foot upon the ground. As the chanting ceased, the Snake chief stepped to the front of the *kisa*, and sprinkling sacred water upon the doorway, murmured a prayer, and resumed his position in the line. This was the signal for the thrilling feature of the dance. The Snake men locked arms two and two, and bending their bodies nearly double, danced in couples toward the place where the snakes were kept. When the first pair of dancers reached the opening of the *kisa*, one of them dropped upon his hands and knees, and lifting the deer-skin, crawled inside. In a moment he reappeared, holding a huge rattlesnake between his teeth. The snake was tightly grasped by the body about six inches from the head, which was left entirely free. The dancer who held the snake in his mouth kept his eyes tightly closed, and his companion guided him around the circle, and at the same time stroked the head of the snake with his eagle feather and chanted in a low tone. Each succeeding couple acted as the first had done, until every man had passed. When one complete circle had been made, the dancers carrying the snakes in their mouths relaxed their holds, and let them drop to the ground.

They were then quickly picked up and carried to the Antelopes, who held them in their hands. The dancers continued to dive into the *kisa* until the last snake had been taken out, and every man among them was handling from one to a dozen snakes. When the snakes were small, a dancer would take three or four in his mouth, and as many more in each hand. One little fellow danced around with an enormous bull-snake, which was fully three times as long as himself. It was a wonderfully fascinating and appalling sight to watch these hideous savages dancing around with deadly serpents twined around their arms and necks, or writhing between their teeth. Frequently a snake in moving its head around became entangled in the dancer's hair, and would be gently loosened by a stroke of the feather in an attendant's hand. The dance lasted about half an hour, and a noticeable feature throughout was the solemn countenances of the dancers and the air of devotion with which they seemed inspired. At times, when the chanting would cease for a moment, an awful chorus of rattles could be heard, as if the snakes themselves were bent on lending horrors to the dance. The grand climax of the dance was a thrilling scene, which sent a cold shudder through every one who witnessed it. The Snake chief took a quantity of the sacred meal and sprinkled it on the ground in the form of a circle. Around this the Snakes and Antelopes gathered, each holding one or more reptiles in his hands. At a given signal every man threw the snakes which he held into the centre of the circle, where they formed a writhing tangled mass almost a foot in height. A moment afterward each dancer thrust both hands into the pile of snakes, and grasping as many as he could hold, dashed off at a breakneck speed toward the trails leading down into the valley. Some of the men ran north, and others south, east, and west, all hurrying away with their burdens of snakes.

The valley was reached in an incredibly short space of time, and here the snakes were set free. This done, the dancers retraced their steps toward the *kiva* without slackening their speed, and reached it drenched with perspiration and almost out of breath. Here the Snake chief received them, and administered to each one a powerful emetic, which required only a few seconds to take effect. When this revolting part of the ceremony was finished, the dance was at an end, and women came from all quarters of the mesa, bringing with them great baskets of meats, vegetables, and fruits, which were spread upon the ground, and a regular banquet served. The late dancers seemed none the worse for having been dosed with so potent an emetic, and joined heartily in the feast. The Moquis explain the "snake dance" by saying that they handle the snakes to show them that they will not be harmed, and while this is being done they sing to them, begging them to carry their messages to the gods of the underworld.

Are the Indians ever bitten in these dances? This question is often asked, but it cannot be intelligently answered. Some persons contend that they are frequently bitten, but are saved from injury by the use of a wonderful antidote which is known to no one but the Snake chief. If there is any such antidote it has never been discovered by any one who has sought to find it out. Dr. H. C. Yarrow, of the Smithsonian Institute, spent some time among the Moquis, and made every effort to find out what the antidote was, but he failed in the attempt, as the fear of some horrible death deterred members of the tribe from giving him any information. It is also asserted by people who have had opportunities for making observations that the Snakes and Antelopes undergo a process of preparation for the dance, and take medicines for days beforehand which render them proof against the rattlesnake's bite.

Whatever may be the antidote taken in the precautions used beforehand, it is certain that the snakes are neither drugged nor have their fangs drawn, and that no Moqui has ever been known to die of their bite. The manner in which the snakes are taken, as witnessed by the three gentlemen already mentioned, proves that no artificial means are used, and a careful examination of several snakes which had been handled in the dance showed that they had not been tampered with. The Moquis themselves give no explanation of their power to handle living snakes, except that the sacred meal and holy water give them control of all serpents and save them from harm.

THE SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUI INDIANS.—DRAWN BY H. I

. F. Farny from Photographs by Cosmos Mindeleff.—[See Page 871.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

XIII.

The course of public events carried Beaton's private affairs beyond the reach of his simple first intention to renounce his connection with *Every Other Week*. In fact this was not perhaps so simple as it seemed, and long before it could be put in effect it appeared still simpler to do nothing about the matter: to remain passive and leave the initiative to Dryfoos, to maintain the dignity of unconsciousness, and let recognition of any change in the situation come from those who had caused the change. After all, it was rather absurd to propose making a purely personal question the pivot on which his relations with *Every Other Week* turned. He took a hint from March's position and decided that he did not know Dryfoos in these relations; he only knew Fulkerson, who had certainly had nothing to do with Mrs. Mandel's asking his intentions. As he reflected upon this he became less eager to look Fulkerson up and make the magazine a partner of his own sufferings. This was the soberer mood to which Beaton trusted that night even before he slept, and he awoke fully confirmed in it. As he examined the offence done him in the cold light of day, he perceived that it had not come either from Mrs. Mandel, who was visibly the faltering and unwilling instrument of it, or from Christine, who was altogether ignorant of it, but from Dryfoos, whom he could not hurt by giving up his place. He could only punish Fulkerson by that, and Fulkerson was innocent. Justice and interest alike dictated the passive course to which Beaton inclined; and he reflected that he might safely leave the punishment of Dryfoos to Christine, who would find out what had happened, and would be able to take care of herself in any encounter of tempers with her father.

Beaton did not go to the office during the week that followed upon this conclusion; but they were used, there, to these sudden absences of his, and as his work for the time was in train, nothing was made of his staying away, except the sarcastic comment which the thought of him was apt to excite in the literary department. He no longer came so much to the Leightons, and Fulkerson was in no state of mind to miss any one there except Miss Woodburn, whom he never missed. Beaton was left, then, unmolestedly awaiting the turn of destiny, when he read in the morning paper, over his coffee at Maroni's, the deeply scare-headed story of Conrad's death and the clubbing of Lindau. He probably cared as little for either of them as any man that ever saw them; but he felt a shock if not a pang at Conrad's fate, so out of keeping with his life and character. He did not know what to do; and he did nothing. He was not asked to the funeral, but he had not expected that, and when Fulkerson brought him notice that Lindau was also to be buried from Dryfoos's house, it was without his usual sullen vindictiveness that he kept away. In his sort, and as much as a man could who was necessarily so much taken up with himself, he was sorry for Conrad's father; Beaton had a peculiar tenderness for his own father, and he imagined how his father would feel if it were he who had been killed in Conrad's place, as it might very well have been; he sympathized with himself in view of the possibility; and for once they were mistaken who thought him indifferent and merely brutal in his failure to appear at Lindau's obsequies.

He would really have gone if he had known how to reconcile his presence in that house with the terms of his effective banishment from it; and he was rather forgivingly finding himself wronged in the situation, when Dryfoos knocked at the studio door the morning after Lindau's funeral. Beaton roared out "Come in!" as he always did to a knock if he had not a model: if he had a model he set the door slightly ajar, and with his palette on his thumb frowned at his visitor, and told him he could not come in. Dryfoos fumbled about for the knob in the dim passageway outside, and Beaton, who had experience of people's difficulties with it, suddenly jerked the door open. The two men stood confronted, and at first sight of each other their quiescent dislike revived. Each would have been willing to turn away from the other, but that was not possible. Beaton snorted some sort of inarticulate salutation, which Dryfoos did not try to return; he asked if he could see him alone for a minute or two, and Beaton bade him come in, and swept some paint-blotched rags from the chair which he told him to take. He noticed, as the old man sank tremulously into it, that his movement was like that of his own father, and also that he looked very much like Christine. Dryfoos folded his hands tremulously on the top of his horn-handled stick, and he was rather finely haggard, with the dark hollows round his black eyes, and the fall of the muscles on either side of his chin. He had forgotten to take his soft, wide-brimmed hat off; and Beaton felt a desire to sketch him just as he sat.

Dryfoos suddenly pulled himself together from the dreary absence into which he fell at first. "Young man," he began, "maybe I've come here on a fool's errand," and Beaton rather fancied that beginning.

But it embarrassed him a little, and he said, with a shy glance aside, "I don't know what you mean."

"I reckon," Dryfoos answered quietly, "you got your notion, though. I set that woman on to speak to you the way she done. But if there was anything wrong in the way she spoke, or if you didn't feel like she had any right to question you up as if we suspected you of anything mean, I want you to say so."

Beaton said nothing, and the old man went on.

"I ain't very well up in the ways of the world, and I don't pretend to be. All I want is to be fair and square with everybody. I've made mistakes, though, in my time—" He stopped, and Beaton was not proof against the misery of his face, which was twisted as with some strong physical ache. "I don't know as I want to make any more, if I can help it. I don't know but what you had a right to keep on comin', and if you had, I want you to say so. Don't you be afraid but what I'll take it in the right way. I don't want to take advantage of anybody; and I don't ask you to say any more than that."

Beaton did not find the humiliation of the man who had humiliated him so sweet as he could have fancied it might be. He knew how it had come about, and that it was an effect of love for his child; it did not matter by what ungracious means she had brought him to know that he loved her better than his own will, that his wish for her happiness was stronger than his pride; it was enough that he was now somehow brought to give proof of it. Beaton could not be aware of all that dark coil of circumstance through which Dryfoos's present action evolved itself; the worst of this was buried in the secret of the old man's heart, a worm of perpetual torment. What was apparent to another was that he was broken by the sorrow that had fallen upon him, and it was this that Beaton respected and pitied in his impulse to be frank and kind in his answer.

"No, I had no right to keep coming to your house in the way I did, unless—unless I meant more than I ever said." Beaton added, "I don't say that what you did was usual—in this country, at any rate; but I can't say you were wrong. Since you speak to me about the matter, it's only fair to myself to say that a good deal goes on in life without much thinking of consequences. That's the way I excuse myself."

"And you say Mrs. Mandel done right?" asked Dryfoos, as if he wished simply to be assured of a point of etiquette.

"Yes, she did right. I've nothing to complain of."

"That's all I wanted to know," said Dryfoos; but apparently he had not finished, and he did not go, though the silence that Beaton now kept gave him a chance to do so. He began a series of questions which had no relation to the matter in hand, though they were strictly personal to Beaton. "What countryman are you?" he asked, after a moment.

"What countryman?" Beaton frowned back at him.

"Yes; are you an American by birth?"

"Yes; I was born in Syracuse."

"Protestant?"

"My father is a Scotch Seceder."

"What business is your father in?"

Beaton faltered and blushed; then he answered: "He's in the monument business, as he calls it. He's a tombstone cutter." Now that he was launched, Beaton saw no reason for not declaring, "My father's always been a poor man, and worked with his own hands for his living." He had too slight esteem socially for Dryfoos to conceal a fact from him that he might have wished to blink with others.

"Well, that's right," said Dryfoos. "I used to farm it myself. I've got a good pile of money together now. At first it didn't come easy; but now it's got started it pours in and *pours* in; it seems like there was no end to it. I've got well on to three million; but it couldn't keep me from losin' my son. It can't buy me back a minute of his life; not all the money in the world can do it!"

He grieved this out as if to himself rather than to Beaton, who scarcely ventured to say, "I know—I am very sorry—"

"How did you come," Dryfoos interrupted, "to take up paintin'?"

"Well, I don't know," said Beaton, a little scornfully. "You don't take a thing of that kind up, I fancy. I always wanted to paint."

"Father try to stop you?"

"No. It wouldn't have been of any use. Why—"

"My son, he wanted to be a preacher, and I did stop *him*—or I thought I did. But I reckon he was a preacher, all the same, every minute of his life. As you say, it ain't any use to try to stop a thing like that. I reckon if a child has got any particular bent, it was given to it; and it's goin' against the grain, it's goin' against the law, to try to bend it some other way. There's lots of good business men, Mr. Beaton, twenty of 'em to every good preacher?"

"I imagine more than twenty," said Beaton, amused and touched through his curiosity as to what the old man was driving at, by the quaint simplicity of his speculations.

"Father ever come to the city?"

"No; he never has the time; and my mother's an invalid."

"Oh! Brothers and sisters?"

"Yes; we're a large family."

"I lost two little fellers—twins," said Dryfoos, sadly. "But we hain't ever had but just the five. Ever take portraits?"

"Yes," said Beaton, meeting this zigzag in the queries as seriously as the rest. "I don't think I am good at it."

Dryfoos got to his feet. "I wished you'd paint a likeness of my son. You've seen him plenty of times. We woon't fight about the price; don't you be afraid of that."

Beaton was astonished, and in a mistaken way he was disgusted. He saw that Dryfoos was trying to undo Mrs. Mandel's work practically, and get him to come again to his house; that he now conceived of the offense given him as condoned, and wished to restore the former situation. He knew that he was attempting this for Christine's sake, but he was not the man to imagine that Dryfoos was trying not only to tolerate him but to like him; and in fact Dryfoos was not wholly conscious himself of this end. What they both understood was that Dryfoos was endeavoring to get at Beaton through Conrad's memory; but with one this was its dedication to a purpose of self-sacrifice, and with the other a vulgar and shameless use of it.

"I couldn't do it," said Beaton. "I couldn't think of attempting it."

"Why not?" Dryfoos persisted. "We got some photographs of him; he didn't like to sit very well; but his mother got him to; and you know how he looked."

"I couldn't do it—I couldn't. I can't even consider it. I'm very sorry. I would, if it were possible. But it isn't possible."

"I reckon, if you see the photographs once—"

"It isn't that, Mr. Dryfoos. But I'm not in the way of that kind of thing any more."

"I'd give any price you've a mind to name—"

"Oh, it isn't the money!" cried Beaton, beginning to lose control of himself.

The old man did not notice him. He sat with his head fallen forward, and his chin resting on his folded hands. Thinking of the portrait, he saw Conrad's face before him, reproachful, astonished, but all gentle, as it looked when Conrad caught his hand that day after he struck him; he heard him say, "Father!" and the sweat gathered on his forehead. "Oh, my God!" he groaned. "No; there ain't anything I can do, now."

Beaton did not know whether Dryfoos was speaking to him or not. He started toward him: "Are you ill?"

"No, there ain't anything the matter," said the old man. "But I guess I'll lay down on your settee a minute." He tottered with Beaton's help to the æsthetic couch covered with a tiger-skin, on which Beaton had once thought of painting a Cleopatra; but he could never get the right model. As the old man stretched himself out on it, pale and suffering, he did not look much like a Cleopatra, but Beaton was struck with his effectiveness, and the likeness between him and his daughter; she would make a very good Cleopatra in some ways. All the time, while these thoughts passed through his mind, he was afraid Dryfoos would die. The old man fetched his breath in gasps, which presently smoothed and lengthened into his normal breathing. Beaton got him a glass of wine, and after tasting it he sat up.

"You've got to excuse me," he said, getting back to his characteristic grimness with surprising suddenness, when once he began to recover himself. "I've been through a good deal, lately; and sometimes it ketches me round the heart like a pain."

In his life of selfish immunity from grief Beaton could not understand this experience that poignant sorrow brings; he said to himself that Dryfoos was going the way of *angina pectoris*; as he began shuffling off the tiger-skin he said, "Had you better get up? Wouldn't you like me to call a doctor?"

"I'm all right, young man." Dryfoos took his hat and stick from him, but he made for the door so uncertainly that Beaton put his hand under his elbow and helped him out, and down the stairs, to his coupé.

"Hadn't you better let me drive home with you?" he asked.

"What?" said Dryfoos, suspiciously.

Beaton repeated his question.

"I guess I'm able to go home alone," said Dryfoos in a surly tone, and he put his head out of the window and called up, "Home!" to the driver, who immediately started off, and left Beaton standing beside the curb-stone.

XIV.

Beaton wasted the rest of the day in the emotions and speculations which Dryfoos's call inspired. It was not that they continuously occupied him, but they broke up the train of other thoughts, and spoiled him for work; a very little spoiled Beaton for work; he required just the right mood for work. He comprehended perfectly well that Dryfoos had made him that extraordinary embassy because he wished him to renew his visits, and he easily imagined the means that had brought him to this pass. From what he knew of that girl he did not envy her father his meeting with her when he must tell her his mission had failed. But had it failed? When Beaton came to ask himself this question, he could only perceive that he and Dryfoos had failed to find any ground of sympathy, and had parted in the same dislike with which they had met. But as to any other failure, it was certainly tacit, and it still rested with him to give it effect. He could go back to Dryfoos's house as freely as before, and it was clear that he was very much desired to come back. But if he went back, it was also clear that he must go back with intentions more explicit than before, and now he had to ask himself just how much or how little he had meant by going there. His liking for Christine had certainly not increased, but the charm, on the other hand, of holding a leopardess in leash had not yet palled upon him. In his life of inconstancies it was a pleasure to rest upon something fixed, and the man who had no control over himself liked logically enough to feel his control of some one else. The fact cannot otherwise be put in terms, and the attraction which Christine Dryfoos had for him, apart from this, escapes from all terms, as anything purely and merely passional must. He had seen from the first that she was a cat, and so far as youth forecasts such things, he felt that she would be a shrew. But he had a perverse sense of her beauty, and he knew a sort of life in which her power to molest him with her temper could be reduced to the smallest proportions, and even broken to pieces. Then the consciousness of her money entered. It was evident that the old man had mentioned his millions in the way of a hint to him of what he might reasonably expect if he would turn and be his son-in-law. Beaton did not put it to himself in those words; and in fact his cogitations were not in words at all. It was the play of cognitions, of sensations, formlessly tending to the effect which can only be very clumsily interpreted in language. But when he got to this point in them Beaton rose to magnanimity, and in a flash of dramatic revery disposed of a part of Dryfoos's riches in placing his father and mother, and his brothers and sisters, beyond all pecuniary anxiety forever. He had no shame, no scruple in this, for he had been a pensioner upon others ever since a Syracusan amateur of the arts had detected his talent, and given him the money to go and study abroad. Beaton had always considered the money a loan, to be repaid out of his future success; but he now never dreamt of repaying it; as the man was rich, he had even a contempt for the notion of repaying him; but this did not prevent him from feeling very keenly the hardships he put his father to in borrowing money from him, though he never repaid his father, either. In this revery he saw himself sacrificed in marriage with Christine Dryfoos in a kind of admiring self-pity, and he was melted by the spectacle of the dignity with which he suffered all the life-long trials ensuing from his unselfishness. The fancy that Alma Leighton came bitterly to regret him, contributed to soothe and flatter him, and he was not sure that Margaret Vance did not suffer a like loss in him.

There had been times when, as he believed, that beautiful girl's high thoughts had tended toward him, that there had been looks, gestures, even words, that had this effect to him, or now seemed to have had it; and Beaton saw that he might easily construe Mrs. Horn's confidential appeal to him to get Margaret interested in art again, as something by no means necessarily offensive, even though it had been made to him as to a master of illusion. If Mrs. Horn had to choose between him and the life of good works to which her niece was visibly abandoning herself, Beaton could not doubt which she would choose; the only question was how real the danger of a life of good works was.

As he thought of these two girls, one so charming and the other so divine, it became indefinitely difficult to renounce them for Christine Dryfoos, with her sultry temper, and her earthbound ideals. Life had been so flattering to Beaton hitherto that he could not believe them both finally indifferent; and if they were not indifferent, perhaps he did not wish either of them to be very definite. What he really longed for was their sympathy; for a man who is able to walk round quite ruthlessly on the feelings of others often has very tender feelings of his own, easily lacerated, and eagerly responsive to the caresses of compassion. In this frame Beaton determined to go that afternoon, though it was not Mrs. Horn's day, and call upon her in the hope of possibly seeing Miss Vance alone. As he continued in it, he took this for a sign, and actually went. It did not fall out at once as he wished, but he got Mrs. Horn to talking again about her niece, and Mrs. Horn again regretted that nothing could be done by the fine arts to reclaim Margaret from good works.

"Is she at home? Will you let me see her?" asked Beaton, with something of the scientific interest of a physician inquiring for a patient whose symptoms have been rehearsed to him. He had not asked for her before.

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Horn, and she went herself to call Margaret, and she did not return with her. The girl entered with the gentle grace peculiar to her; and Beaton, bent as he was on his own consolation, could not help being struck with the spiritual exaltation of her look. At sight of her, the vague hope he had never quite relinquished, that they might be something more than æsthetic friends, died in his heart. She wore black, as she often did; but in spite of its fashion her dress received a nun-like effect from the pensive absence of her face. "Decidedly," thought Beaton, "she is far gone in good works."

But he rose, all the same, to meet her on the old level, and he began at once to talk to her of the subject he had been discussing with her aunt. He said frankly that they both felt she had unjustifiably turned her back upon possibilities which she ought not to neglect.

"You know very well," she answered, "that I couldn't do anything in that way worth the time I should waste on it. Don't talk of it, please. I suppose my aunt has been asking you to say this, but it's no use. I'm sorry it's no use, she wishes it so much; but I'm not sorry otherwise. You can find the pleasure at least of doing good work in it; but I couldn't find anything in it but a barren amusement. Mr. Wetmore is right; for me, it's like enjoying an opera, or a ball."

"That's one of Wetmore's phrases. He'd sacrifice anything to them."

She put aside the whole subject with a look. "You were not at Mr. Dryfoos's the other day. Have you seen them, any of them, lately?"

"I haven't been there for some time, no," said Beaton, evasively. But he thought if he was to get on to anything, he had better be candid. "Mr. Dryfoos was at my studio this morning. He's got a queer notion. He wants me to paint his son's portrait."

She started. "And will you—"

"No, I couldn't do such a thing. It isn't in my way. I told him so. His son had a beautiful face—an antique profile; a sort of early Christian type; but I'm too much of a pagan for that sort of thing."

"Yes."

"Yes," Beaton continued, not quite liking her assent, after he had invited it. He had his pride in being a pagan, a Greek, but it failed him in her presence, now; and he wished that she had protested he was none. "He was a singular creature; a kind of survival; an exile in our time and place. I don't know: we don't quite expect a saint to be rustic; but with all his good-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

ness Conrad Dryfoos was a country person. If he were not dying for a cause, you could imagine him milking." Beaton intended a contempt that came from the bitterness of having himself once milked the family cow.

His contempt did not reach Miss Vance. "He died for a cause," she said. "The holiest."

"Of labor?"

"Of peace. He was there to persuade the strikers to be quiet and go home."

"I haven't been quite sure," said Beaton. "But in any case he had no business there. The police were on hand to do the persuading."

"I can't let you talk so!" cried the girl. "It's shocking! Oh, I know it's the way people talk, and the worst is that in the sight of the world it's the right way. But the blessing on the peace-makers is not for the policemen with their clubs."

Beaton saw that she was nervous; he made his reflection that she was altogether too far gone in good works for the fine arts to reach her; he began to think how he could turn her primitive Christianity to the account of his modern heathenism. He had no deeper design than to get flattered back into his own favor far enough to find courage for some sort of decisive step. In his heart he was trying to will whether he should or should not go back to Dryfoos's house. It could not be from the caprice that had formerly taken him; it must be from a definite purpose; again he realized this. "Of course; you are right," he said. "I wish I could have answered that old man differently. I fancy he was bound up in his son, though he quarrelled with him, and crossed him. But I couldn't do it; it wasn't possible." He said to himself that if she said, "No," now, he would be ruled by her agreement with him; and if she disagreed with him, he would be ruled still by the chance, and would go no more to the Dryfooses'. He found himself embarrassed to the point of blushing, when she said nothing; and left him as it were on his own hands. "I should like to have given him that comfort; I fancy he hasn't much comfort in life; but there seems no comfort in me." He dropped his head in a fit attitude for compassion; but she poured no pity upon it.

"There is no comfort for us in ourselves," she said. "It's hard to get outside; but there's only despair within. When we think we have done something for others, by some great effort, we find it's all for our own vanity."

"Yes," said Beaton. "If I could paint pictures for righteousness' sake, I should have been glad to do Conrad Dryfoos for his father. I felt sorry for him. Did the rest seem very much broken up? You saw them all?"

"Not all. Miss Dryfoos was ill, her sister said. It's hard to tell how much people suffer. His mother seemed bewildered. The younger sister is a simple creature; she looks like him; I think she must have something of his spirit."

"Not much spirit of any kind, I imagine," said Beaton. "But she's amiably material. Did they say Miss Dryfoos was seriously ill?"

"No. I supposed she might be prostrated by her brother's death."

"Does she seem that kind of person to you, Miss Vance?" asked Beaton.

"I don't know. I haven't tried to see so much of them as I might, the past winter. I was not sure about her when I met her; I've never seen much of people, except in my own set, and the—very poor. I have been afraid I didn't understand her. She may have a kind of pride that would not let her do herself justice."

Beaton felt the unconscious dislike in the endeavor of praise. "Then she seems to you like a person whose life—its trials, its chances—would make more of than she is now?"

"I didn't say that. I can't judge of her at all; but where we don't know, don't you think we ought to imagine the best?"

"Oh, yes," said Beaton. "I didn't know but what I once said of them might have prejudiced you against them. I have accused myself of it." He always took a tone of conscientiousness, of self-censure, in talking with Miss Vance; he could not help it.

"Oh, no. And I never allowed myself to form any judgment of her. She is very pretty, don't you think, in a kind of way?"

"Very."

"She has a beautiful brunette coloring: that floury white and the delicate pink in it. Her eyes are beautiful."

"She's graceful, too," said Beaton. "I've tried her in color; but I didn't make it out."

"I've wondered sometimes," said Miss Vance, "whether that elusive quality you find in some people you try to paint, doesn't characterize them all through. Miss Dryfoos might be ever so much finer and better than we would find out in the society way that seems the only way."

"Perhaps," said Beaton, gloomily; and he went away profoundly discouraged by this last analysis of Christine's character. The angelic imperviousness of Miss Vance to properties of which his own wickedness was so keenly aware in Christine, might have made him laugh, if it had not been such a serious affair with him. As it was, he smiled to think how very differently Alma Leighton would have judged her from Miss Vance's premises. He liked that clear vision of Alma's even when it pierced his own disguises. Yes, that was the light he had let die out, and it might have shone upon his path through life. Beaton never felt so poignantly the disadvantage of having on any given occasion been wanting to his own interests through his self-love as in this. He had no one to blame but himself for what had happened, but he blamed Alma for what might happen in the future because she shut out the way of retrieval and return. When he thought of the attitude she had taken toward him, it seemed incredible, and he was always longing to give her a final chance to reverse her final judgment. It appeared to him that the time had come for this now, if ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SICILIAN CAFÉ IN NEW YORK.

Of the immense Italian immigration to the United States in the past ten years a very large proportion has settled in New York city. In the Sixth Ward alone over 1600 have become voters, and on Manhattan Island the number of naturalized Italians is now estimated at 7000 and upward. Inspector Byrnes, than whom there is no better authority, says that there are nearly 100,000 Italians in the metropolis. They have settled in certain districts, and formed little colonies by themselves. They mingle with other races very slowly, and display little or no preference for any other particular nationality. Their largest colonies are down-town, in the most densely populated tenement-house districts. The central colony is in Mulberry Bend, from which they have overflowed northward into Crosby Street, and eastward into the Fourth Ward.

A feature of their social development is that wherever they settle, they immediately start what they call a café—an institution which combines the characteristics of the coffee-house, the restaurant, and the delicatessen store. Where the Irishman patronizes the saloon, or the German a beer garden, the Italian regards the café as the best place in which to spend an idle hour.

There are over one hundred of these cafés now in New York. They vary according to the locality in Italy from which the proprietor and the customers come. The Florentine and Genoan cafés are the handsomest and the most expensive where the Neapolitan and Sicilian ones are marked by great poverty and a sublime disregard for the amenities of life. The picture on another page gives a clear idea of one of the latter class. This one is situated on a dark and dirty street, crowded by day with women and children of the most poverty-stricken appearance, and by night with the multitudes of men who have returned from a hard day of manual toil to homes of the most cheerless description.

It occupies one-half of the ground-floor of a huge "dumb-bell tenement," so common in the metropolis, and measures about twelve feet in width by forty in depth. Behind it the remainder of the apartment is broken up into small rooms, where live the proprietor, his family, and half a dozen boys. A small sign in Italian gives a better idea of the business than can any words. Translated into English it reads:

Coffee, per cup	2	cents.
" " " with milk	3	"
Macaroni	5	"
Beef stew	5	"
Bread	1	"
Omelet	10	"

The dining-room is far from clean or orderly. The windows are unwashed, and are dark with the dust of the streets. Dead flies and dirt almost incrust the corners and the floor of the bay-window. Boxes of spaghetti and cheap *pasta* disclose their curious yellow contents to the passer-by. Strings of onions, garlic, and Spanish peppers hang from wires stretched across the room, and here and there are lines of bologna and the other high-flavored sausages for which Italy is famous. Here and there empty bottles, fly-specked and dust-covered, lie on shelves. They once contained Chianti, Barolo, Capri Bianchi, and the other vintages of Italy.

On one side of the room is a long narrow table, covered with a worn-out oil-cloth, and surrounded with the cheapest and ugliest chairs which American machinery can produce. The other side of the room is lined with dilapidated tables, broken chairs, barrels, and boxes. One little touch of nature breaks the hideous array. On the floor, so situated as to catch what little air blows through the narrow apartment, is a soap box, in which reposes a splendid, healthy specimen of the Italian baby. Some loving hand has lined the box with shavings and sawdust, and converted the fragments of a dilapidated potato bag into a rude pillow, on which the baby sprawls in glee. A little four-year-old in rags stands beside the box, who, whenever his charge becomes restive or unruly, restores it to good-nature by pulling and pushing the box around the room.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the place, it is as busy as a beehive. At the long table a number of men, who probably work at night on the scows of the Street-cleaning Department, are drinking the black coffee which, despite its cheapness, is palatable enough to the drinkers. A handful of Italian women, whose dresses and shawls are bright with the gaudy colors so dear to them, are chaffering with the proprietor's wife over the price of a string of garlic or a pound of sausage. The chairs about the room are occupied by friends and customers of the house, who are smoking villainous short pipes and talking so loudly that one ignorant of the language would suspect them to be on the point of a riot.

The air is blue with tobacco smoke, and the place reeks with the conglomeration of stenches that no language can describe, yet all the people appear to enjoy the best of health, and even the children display a robustness and physical vigor that would do credit to those born with silver spoons. The food served in this, as in all the other places of a similar sort, does not lack nutrition, though the materials gathered would not recommend themselves to the fastidious. The stew, made up of scraps gathered here and there, is spiced until savory to a hungry man, and the macaroni, though manufactured from the cheapest and coarsest flour in some little east-side shop, is usually wholesome.

A curious feature is the mixing of coffee with aniseed or caraway seed. This produces a beverage which tastes very much like paregoric, but which seems to possess considerable therapeutic value for the milder disorders of the digestive system.

The majority of the guests are extremely temperate in the use of intoxicants. A few use the light wines of their native land, and a still smaller number employ the corrosive stuff which New York rectifiers dignify by the name of brandy. The trade in alcoholic drinks is not sufficient to defray the expense of an excise license. Despite the noisy talk and alarming gesticulation of those present, good order and kindliness prevail. Now and then the favorite vice of the Italian neighborhood shows itself in a small group who have settled down to a game of chance, there to remain till most of the party have lost all their money. At times a coat will fly back and disclose the stiletto or dirk which is so universal a companion of the Italian working-man. Yet affrays are rare, considering the reputation the Italians bear, and, as the Irish woman said when boasting of the domestic peace of her household, the police are seldom called in.

THE STORY OF A SUBWAY.

Few, even in New York city, remember that the effort to bring about the removal of the telegraph and other poles and wires from the streets was first made as long ago as 1884. The history of the contest that has been waged for a longer period than the greatest actual war this country has ever known, is interesting as being thoroughly illustrative of the peculiar administration of the laws in New York. It is a happy-go-lucky and nerveless method, frequently interrupted by public excitement and clamor, and often characterized by subserviency to semi-private interests. Moreover, these characteristics appear to distinguish it under each era of government, no matter how the controlling power shifts from faction to faction or party to party.

A legislative enactment in 1884 required all operators of electrical conductors to remove them from the surface of the streets before November, 1885. This legislation proceeded from a popular outcry based upon æsthetic grounds, the offence of the electrical companies being their disfigurement of the streets. The law was a simple order to remove the poles and wires, and did not prescribe any method to be substituted for the offending system, or how the work ordered should be performed. The companies professed to regard it as a command to commit commercial suicide, as their main assets were in their poles and wires, and these must not only be thrown away, but an additional expenditure needed to be made for subway cables and conduits. They paid no heed to the law, and another was passed in 1885, creating a Commission of Electrical Subways, upon which Governor Hill appointed Mr. Charles E. Loew, Mr. Jacob Hess, and Mr. Theodore Moss. This commission was to allow the electrical companies sixty days in which to submit plans for a uniform system of conduits. Not a plan was submitted—"because the companies did not think the commission meant business," is the reason they now give for that omission; "and because they did not propose to assist in putting themselves to the expense of burying their wires."

Failing the receipt of these plans, the commission was to formulate one of its own. They held sessions for a year, and received very many offers of plans and patents, but not one from any patentee or corporation which showed how the work could be performed and paid for. The commission had no money to work with, and it applied to the Attorney-General for advice as to whether it possessed the right to employ a company to build a subway. This official's advice was in the affirmative, and the commission made a contract with the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway Company for the performance of the task; selecting that corporation, they said, because it offered to construct any form of conduit preferred by the commission, and because it was willing to give a bond in the sum of half a million of dollars for the performance of such work as might be ordered. The contract was approved by the Attorney-General in July, 1886.

The electrical companies awoke in alarm. They ended their inactivity by wholesale litigation. At first they questioned the constitutionality of the act of 1885. This was upheld in every court, from that of the Common Pleas to the Court of Appeals, and so was the contract with the subway company, though the latter decision was not reached until 1888. These dates are not difficult to keep in mind. The original act was in 1884, the new act and formation of the commission was in 1885, and the contract with the construction company was in 1886. In the latter year work on the subways was begun. The work was at first confined to low-tension subways for telegraph and telephone wires, and the conduits were iron pipes laid in concrete, adopted after wide experimenting.

Work on the subways was continued to the present time, and there have been built more than 500 miles of piping in fifty-six and a quarter miles of trenches. There have been buried 9394 miles of telegraph, telephone, and Fire Department wires. There was no interruption by litigation, for this proceeded entirely from the high-tension (or electric-lighting) companies. Though the fact is not apparent to the eye, there is not a low-tension wire in the streets where the conduits are laid.

The next stage in the struggle between the law and the companies was marked by a lawsuit brought by the New York Underground Telegraph Company, which wanted to lay subways for operating power lines. It applied for an injunction to restrain the Commissioner of Public Works from interfering with the tearing up of the streets. The court construed the law to be with the Public Works Department, but went out of its way to declare the contract of 1886 as *ultra vires*, beyond the power of the Subway Commission to make. At about this time—November, 1887—the life of the Subway Commission expired, it having been appointed for only two years.

Then came the act of 1887 embodying a reference to an entirely new contract drawn under the supervision of Mayor Abram S. Hewitt and Corporation Counsel Beekman. It was distinguished by the protection and benefits it gained for the city. Under its provisions all the municipal telegraph service was to be supplied with subways free of cost; the city had the right to purchase all the subways at actual cost price, plus ten per cent., in 1897, and all the profits of the subway company beyond ten per cent. were to be paid to the city. The new act of 1887 established the Board of Electrical Control as the successor to the Subway Commission, and made the Mayor a member *ex-officio*. The board now consisted of Messrs. Hewitt, Hess, Moss, and D. L. Gibbens. Mr. Loew had died, and been succeeded by Mr. Roswell P. Flower, who was, in turn, succeeded by Mr. Gibbens.

The popular memory quickens, now that we have reached the period of Mr. Hewitt's administration as Mayor. He contended during all his term that subways for high-tension currents were impracticable. Mr. Gibbens desired the matter to be tested by ordering the burial of lighting wires in Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, where high-tension conduits had been constructed. Notice to that effect was given, but the company owning wires in those streets refused to obey the order, and the board lacked the power to enforce it. The board has not the power to this day; but the Mayor has the authority, as Mayor, to remove incumbrances and nuisances through the Commissioner of Public Works. Mayor Hewitt did not believe in the practicability of burying high-tension wires, and argued that even if it could be done, there was no way of getting the wires out of the conduits and connecting them with the houses.

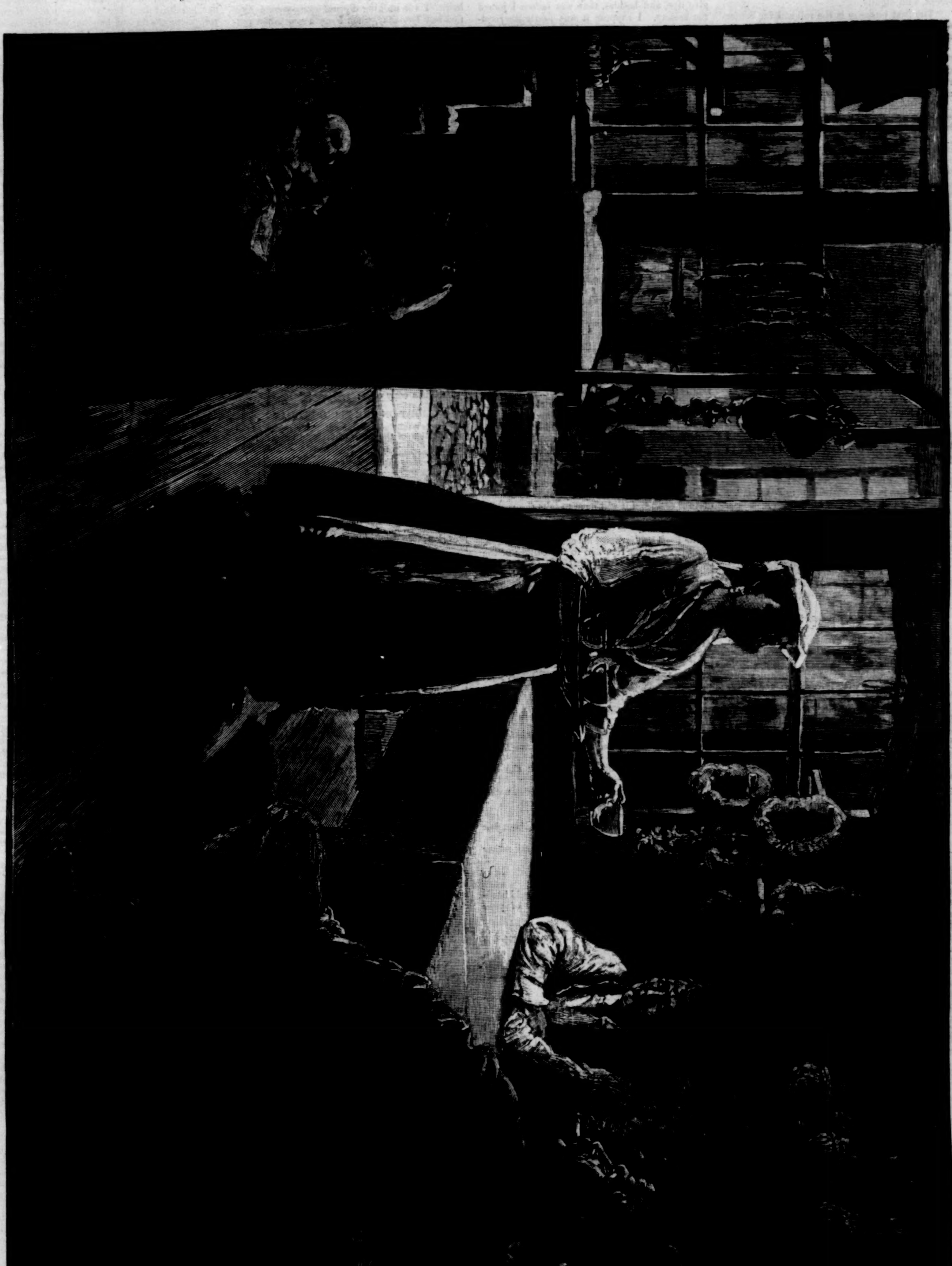
There is no need to dwell upon the discord in the Board of Electrical Control. Suffice it that the Mayor was conscientious throughout, and that his position was supported by many experts. There was a great deal of doubt about the practicability of operating high-tension wires underground, and despite what followed, this doubt is still expressed by some unconverted persons even as this is being written. On the other hand, the board had provided conduits for high-tension wires in the streets above named and in Broadway, but no company laid its lines in them, or could be forced to do so, because of the Mayor's attitude.

The United States Illuminating Company had wires in the cross-streets where the conduits were, and the board refused to grant permits to that company for the hanging of new wires. That company, therefore, went to law to restrain the board and Mayor and Commissioner of Public Works from removing its poles and wires, and for a construction of the rights of the board, and for a decision authorizing the plaintiffs to maintain, repair, and renew its property when necessary. The preliminary motion in the suit was not decided until January, 1889. The decision confirmed the power of removal vested in the Mayor, and declared that when in the opinion of the Board of Electrical Control a subway was sufficient, that opinion was final, except in the case of fraud. Between the time of the argument and the trial the subway company, at its own expense, made an experiment in One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street, between Third and Fourth avenues, by burying lines of the Harlem Company charged with the highest number of volts (2400) in use in the city. The test was made in February, 1889, without accident or interruption, and the trial in March was decided favorably to the board. The United States Company thought the test not conclusive, as the line was very short, and asked for a farther test on Broadway. This was had, and was successful; the time of the experiment being about March of this year. The date is memorable as being that on which the electrical lighting companies ceased their opposition to the subway company, and all obstruction in the way of enforcing the will of the people was finally removed. For the first time capital could be confidently invested in the work, and its consummation was assured. This was only eight months ago.

The next stage in the long contest is that which we are now experiencing. The streets are still webbed with wires and fretted with poles, and there have been several public executions of linemen upon the great masts, in view of the populace. The incensed people have naturally demanded more expeditious work in the burying of the nuisances. The new Mayor, Mr. Grant, has ordered the poles down; the companies have enjoined the city officials from carrying out his orders, and we have reached another interval of stagnation, hesitation, and confusion. In the midst of the controversy there are heard propositions by the various electrical companies to build subways of their own, and whispers of a project more powerfully backed for building a second public or general system of subways. Thus far this last proposition has been seriously discussed, as such matters are always apt to be in the heat of public outcry, without clearing the air for the mental vision to take note of the power already possessed by the people to meet the emergency with means already at their command. The mire of local politics, out of which the present Board of Electrical Control and subway company was developed, is threatened with new agitation for the production of another company, without its being called to mind that the original company is under bonds to perform the work, no matter what its quantity, and can be forced to fulfill its contract. And thus far there has been no comment upon the significant fact that fully one-third of the subways already provided for high-tension wires are still unoccupied at the very moment which the electrical companies seize upon to swell the popular excitement with the cry that there is need for more subways than the existing company can build with its present means.

THE NEW HOME OF THE CENTURY CLUB, NEW YORK.—From the Drawing of the Architects, McKim, Mead, and White.—[See Page 879.]

THE NEW HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.—[See Page 878.]



A SICILIAN CAFÉ IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 875.]

A MEETING OF THE S. F. H.

"The society will come to order," said the President, with dignity.

"The first business is the roll-call for confessions and testimonies. Mr. Secretary, call the roll."

"I will first ask for confessions," said the Secretary, and went swimmingly on with the names until he reached Alspreck, when a tall man with red hair and a burning bush of a beard arose and stood hesitantly in his place.

"Professor Alspreck has a confession; let the society listen to it," said the President. "You have the floor, Professor."

"It is but a slight fault I have to confess, if indeed it be a fault at all," said Professor Alspreck; "but our oath binds us to be very particular about reporting doubtful actions to the society, and so I bring this one for your judgment. I—I gave to a man—a stranger—a half-dollar last Friday. It was in the street."

A groan went round the circle of chairs, and the President's face took on a look of surprise and pain.

"It was not an ordinary case," continued the Professor; "there were extenuating circumstances."

"I never heard of an ordinary case," said the President, with severity; "and circumstances are always extenuating."

"But really this was an unusual case. The fact is, the man approached me on my weak side; he was a good deal of a linguist; he addressed me in a foreign tongue."

"What tongue?" asked the President.

"In German at first."

"What did he say to you in German?"

"'*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*'"

"And what did you reply?"

"'*Wenig.*' Of course," said the Professor, looking around deprecatingly to his associates, "I read German with ease, but I do not pretend to speak it."

"Did the conversation in German come to an end with these interesting remarks?"

"Yes—that is, he branched off to Spanish."

"What did he say to you in Spanish?"

"'*Habla Usted español?*'"

"I thought so. And you replied—"

"Really, Mr. President, I fear that this will be lost upon many of the members."

"Never fear; we have the *Beggar's Guide to Conversation in Foreign Languages* in our library, and we all are equal to the exercises contained in that. How did you meet the advances of your Castilian friend?"

"I said, '*Un poquito, no mas.*'"

"Precisely. And then what did he say?"

"Then he began in French. There, as you know, I am at home. He was delighted to find that I knew his native tongue. '*Ayez pitié de moi, monsieur,*' said he, with a delicious accent. I told him, in French, that it was against my principles to give to any one on the street; but he kept repeating his plea, and really his accent was so fine, his palatal *r* so perfect, his manner so deferential and well-bred, that he quite broke through my guard, and finally, as I have said, I gave him a trifle. It was not strictly right, I admit; and yet you will all concede that the temptation was strong. I do not defend my action; I only wish you to see that my fault was unpremeditated, and not without some excuse."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked the President.

"That is all."

The President rose and deliberately buttoned his coat. "Under our constitution," he began, solemnly, "and in accordance with my oath of office, it is my duty, Professor Alspreck, to rebuke you in the name of the society. You have proved false to our principles, and brought our good name into peril. You have exhibited a dangerous good-nature, and have shown a disposition to encourage impostors, which deeply grieves your fellow-members. You have not profited by our repeated teachings, have defied the lessons of experience, and have allowed yourself to be taken in as easily as one who never heard of our society and its noble mission. I can only express to you the society's pain at such unlooked-for conduct, thus publicly reprobate and disown your conduct, and refer your case to the Committee on Misdemeanors and Penalties. Mr. Secretary, proceed with the roll-call."

That official resumed his glib reading, and found clear sailing till he came to the name Mimmer. This was borne by a young man who was evidently no hardened criminal, to judge by the deep blushes with which he stood up to confess his guilt.

"Brother Mimmer has a confession; let attention be paid him," said the President.

"I am sorry to say," spoke up Mr. Mimmer, hurriedly, anxious to get through with the thing as quickly as possible, "that I have violated one of the regulations of the society. I gave a tip to a waiter in Monodelli's last week."

Pity struggled with contempt on the faces of the members. This was flagrant.

"I might offer excuses," said Mr. Mimmer; "but I prefer simply to make a clean breast of it, and throw myself on the society's mercy."

"You do not plead forgetfulness of the rule?" asked the President.

"No; I always carry our 'Ready Remembrancer' in my pocket, and read it over every day."

"To what, then, do you attribute your surprising action—to a temptation of the devil?" The President had often been told that his forte lay in sarcasm.

"No," replied the guilty man; "it was a temptation of an angel."

"Well, explain your paradox," said the President, impatiently.

"I was not dining alone, you must understand," said Mr. Mimmer. "A young lady was with me—a sort of a cousin of mine. I was in Vienna with her last winter, and we often dined together at the Riedhof. There, you know, one has to give tips, and besides, that was before I joined the society. I suppose it was partly the recollection of those times, partly, perhaps, the influence of some remarks made by the angel, my cousin, in defence of foreign institutions—tipping among them—anyhow, in a weak moment I tipped the waiter. As I said in the first place, I have no excuse to make."

"This," said the President, "is an offence which I had fondly trusted no one of our band would ever have committed. The fault, or crime, as I prefer to call it, is, at any rate, fully acknowledged, and the offender does not need to be instructed in correct principles. You were fully aware, Brother Mimmer, of the unanswerable force of the arguments which this society directs against tipping. You admit that the institution is essentially un-American, a degrading practice borrowed from monarchies, a thing right in the teeth of the equality of classes for which our republic stands. You see fully also the immediate evils involved; the waiter is paid twice for the same service, and an assault is made upon his manhood thereby; the non-tippers are wronged, as they will not get the same attention as bribers, unless, indeed, they are members of this society, when they always, I trust, will insist upon getting for a single payment all that is tacitly pledged them by landlords and restaurateurs; your accounts will be fictitious, twenty-five cents being put down to the account of meals which ought really to stand under the separate head of 'Infidelity to Principle and Weak Ambition to appear Generous in the Eyes of a Girl.' That fair creature herself, if she has been correctly trained, and is worthy to become the wife of a member of this society, will look upon such dissolute habits with alarm, so that instead of advancing, you have probably distinctly retarded your prospects. You have a sensitive and open mind, I believe, and it will perhaps be punishment enough for you to reflect upon these truths, as I am sure you will, and let remorse do its work. Still, it is not within my power to dispose of your case, and it will have to take the regular course, and go to the Committee on the Tempted and Fallen."

The President resumed his chair, sad but stern, and the Secretary returned to the calling of the roll. A woman was the next one to give him pause—a slender little body, with a thin but intelligent and resolute face.

"I have to acknowledge," said she, "what would come, I suppose, under the head of a sin of omission."

"Sister Veery wishes to confess that she has left undone a thing which she ought to have done," said the President; "the society will hear her."

"My cook asked to be away a week ago Sunday, and I gave her permission on condition that she came back early Monday morning. She did not come till late Tuesday night, and I did not discharge her."

"You found that she had a good reason for not coming when she promised?" asked the President.

"She gave a reason; she said that she had been sick."

"And it was evident that she had been under a doctor's care?"

"I do not know what you mean."

"Why, there was an odor of drugs about her—alcohol, for example?"

"I believe there was." This was said rather faintly.

"She is a good cook, I presume?"

"Most excellent."

"Yet if she were to leave you, you would hardly feel like recommending her to any of your friends as sober and truthful?"

"I do not think I would."

"Then you are more considerate of your friends and their families than you are of your own. Perhaps you do not object for yourself and your children to associate with a dishonest and drunken person?"

"Of course I do, Mr. President. But there were reasons. She was the fifth cook I had tried in a single month, my baby was sick, and besides, what is one to do, I should like to know, when—"

"Allow me, Sister Veery. You will remember that that is one of the questions which it is not permitted a member of this society to ask. Indeed, now that I think of it, it was from your pen that we had that fine essay on "Principles, not Consequences." Besides, if it is a question of consequences, reflect on the disastrous results which are sure to flow from your action. Your cook will feel at liberty to deceive and disappoint you even more grossly on the next occasion, and will think herself wronged if you object—indeed, why should she not? You have given her to understand that a day or two of spreeing is a trifle in your eyes. Even if you discharge her the next time, she will go to some other house to repeat her performances, trusting that she will find another mistress as weak as you were. But I need not pursue the subject, Sister Veery, as I am sure it is not necessary. I do not know exactly to what standing committee to refer your case. On the whole, I think it would be better to appoint a special committee to consider it. That committee I will announce later. To insure perfectly fair judgment of your fault, I will appoint no men on the committee, and of the ladies, all shall be house-keepers."

The Secretary finished the roll without evoking any other confessions, and then the President called informally for testimonies.

"Have not some of you had experiences since our last meeting," he said, "which can be reported to us here for our encouragement in the great work to which we are devoted? Without a formal roll-call, let us hear what any one has to say for our cheer."

A bright-faced young lady rose and said, speaking in eager, thin tones: "It is but a slight thing I am going to mention, and still it may be of some help. I was walking down Twenty-second Avenue last Thursday, when I saw a gentleman putting something in a blind beggar's hat. He was a very benevolent-looking man—I don't mean the beggar—and I made bold to speak to him. 'Sir,' said I, 'do you desire to become an accomplice in crime?' He looked very much surprised, and I really thought for a moment that he imagined I was going to propose to him to help me rob a bank, or something of that sort, he started so at my words. But I soon put him straight. I asked him to pardon me for my boldness, but told him that I belonged to a society a part of whose mission it was to convert people from such vicious practices as giving to street beggars. Then I whipped out a little card on the subject, the one we call 'Light on the Blind Beggar,' you know—and asked him to read and meditate. He took it politely enough, glanced over it, seemed somewhat impressed, and then thanked me for my interest, promised to think of the matter more than he had, and went on. This is but a little thing, as I said, and I mention it only to show that even a humble member of the society can do something, and also to show that people may not be so averse to receiving correct instruction as we may have supposed."

"A very valuable and encouraging testimony," observed the President, as the girl sat down with flushed cheeks. "I notice that we have some guests present to-day who may never have seen the useful little card to which the sister referred, and for their sakes I will ask the Secretary to read it."

Here is a copy of it:

LIGHT ON THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Below is a tabulated statement of the results of the investigation of the cases of 21 blind beggars made by the S. F. H.:

Blind beggars who could see	7
Blind beggars with savings-bank credits of $1000 and upward	8
Blind beggars supporting sturdy and idle and dissolute sons	5
Blind beggars worthy of assistance	1
Total	21

Note.—The last-mentioned case was a Russian, could speak no English, had never heard of municipal provisions for the relief of such as he, and was glad to promise never to beg in the streets again.

"Now, can we not have another?" said the President. "There is still a little time belonging to this order of business."

A slight, mild-mannered man arose and said, with considerable diffidence: "I might perhaps relate an experience of mine, which, if nothing remarkable came of it, yet illustrates the kind of work our society stimulates us to do. As most of you know, I live in the suburbs. My wife's health being rather delicate, it has been a part of my duty to her to engage servants in the city intelligence offices. I could unfold to you many sad tales about those schools of vice if I had the time, but I must confine myself to one adventure, if I may so call it. We were in want of a nurse, and on the train coming down I saw an advertisement in the paper that read something like this: 'A well-trained English nurse-girl; two years' reference from her last place; clean, capable, and conscientious; no objection to going into the country. Call at 437 Nineteenth Avenue.' This sounded well, and I called at the number indicated on my way down to my office. I found the place to be an intelligence office. It is one of their tricks to advertise in that way, knowing that in no other way can they entice some sorts of people into their lairs. I should have turned away at once when I found the state of the case, but the idea of a well-trained English servant was before my mind, and I went in. The ogress in charge greeted me with the usual affability of her kind, and in response to my inquiry brought out the English girl. I was much surprised to find her apparently all that the advertisement called for. She was intelligent in manner, appeared good-natured and strong, and had excellent credentials. We had no difficulty in agreeing on wages and privileges, and she promised to meet me at the 4.59 train. But she did not do it. I waited till the 5.27 train, and still she did not come. I drew a sigh over another shattered illusion, and went home empty-handed. The next morning saw me back at the office again. The ogress was immensely surprised and grieved at my disappointment of the night before. She didn't suppose that Katy was capable of doing such a thing. Well, that would be the end of *her;* no place would she ever try to get for a servant that broke her word. She had some other very nice girls in the office, however; would I like to talk with any of them? I said I thought I would take my fee back. This pained her greatly, and she said that she never returned fees, of course; but she stood ready, according to agreement, to supply me with a nurse. I said I wanted my well-trained English girl—clean, capable, and conscientious. That was what I had bargained for and hadn't got, and didn't see how I was going to get now, for if the girl should turn up again, I didn't feel that I could consider her conscientious any longer. The ogress grew quite snappy at this. She couldn't be held responsible for the failures of others, and she had never had the slightest difficulty in getting along with real gentlemen. All she had promised to do was to get me a girl, and there was sitting as good a girl as ever left her office—Annie Riley, by name. 'Is she English?' said I. 'Is she clean, capable, and conscientious? I will have no other.' She rather fell back at this. Then I made a formal demand for my money again. She flatly refused it. I bade her good-day, and went directly to my lawyer's. At three o'clock in the afternoon I was again in the presence of the ogress. 'Madam,' said I, 'in ten minutes an officer will be here with a summons for you on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. I thought I would come to see what you propose to do about it. The officer will go away without serving the paper if I tell him to.' She turned pale, and led me hurriedly into her private den. 'Here is your money,' said she, handing me three dollars. 'Now send the cop away.' 'That sum is far from covering the case,' said I. 'I shall have to pay my lawyer twenty-five dollars at least, and the court expenses will be considerable. I can't let you off for that trifle.' 'This is black-mail,' she burst out. I saw that she was frightened, and I pressed my advantage. I told her that she must do exactly what I said, or the officer would go ahead. I told her she must confess, in the first place, that she herself had sent my English girl off with another employer. She confessed it. I told her she must promise me to write to that employer and confess her duplicity. She promised it. I told her she must solemnly swear never to be guilty of such conduct again. She swore. I thought of pleading with her to give up her nefarious business altogether, but reflected that this would be almost too much to ask in the present state of enlightenment. Then I took my three dollars and went away. I do not suppose that she will do what she promised; but I had at least brought home her iniquity to her. I had prevented myself from being swindled, and I had the proud consciousness of not having proved false to the glorious principles of our society."

The President was obliged to check the applause that followed.

"The next order," said he, "is reports of committees. The Secretary will run over the list."

"Committee on Corrupting Charities," read out that official.

No report.

"Committee on Demoralizing Donations."

No report.

"Committee on Printing."

The chairman of this committee rose and said: "I am requested by one of the members of the committee to report a project to print a card devised by him on the subject of postage-stamp benevolence. You have all heard of this scheme of raising funds for this and the other charity, and know something of its absurdities and wastefulness. The design of the card is to furnish to those who are in receipt of invitations to join a "chain" or "circle" of these contributors of postage-stamps a convenient and convincing little statement to return to the sender, showing him—"

"One moment," interrupted the President, "the intention is no doubt excellent, but seems to me to be taking a form of execution directly opposed to our constitution. I will ask the Secretary to read section 4 of our 'Principles and Purposes,' last clause."

The Secretary read, "Nor is it the aim of the society to supply consciences to the wicked or brains to the foolish."

"That settles it," said the President. "Any one who would fall into this postage-stamp silliness would never be rescued from it by a mere mathematical demonstration; it would be a sheer waste of our funds. That I shall have to rule out."

The committees on Reformed Landlords, on Subscribers to Free Soup-houses, and on Unwise Undertakings, each had a report to make detailing progress in their plans, and then the society adjourned.

As the members were filing out, one of the visitors went up to the President and said, "I have been much interested in your meeting, but I have been wondering all the while what is the real name of your society—what the initials stand for."

"Why, hadn't you heard?" said the President. "The Society of Friends of Humanity."

THE NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL.

This institution has signalized the thirtieth year of its existence by the erection of a large and admirably arranged college building for the use of its students, and a fire-proof free hospital for practical instruction in surgery. The college building forms the centre of a proposed group of buildings, which are intended to occupy the whole plot of ground on the Eastern Boulevard for two hundred feet, and having a depth on Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets nearly equal to this. The Flower Hospital, standing on the southeast corner of this plot of ground, is to be enlarged by the erection of a wing on Sixty-third Street; this hospital building will be balanced by another on the corner of Sixty-fourth Street. Besides these, other minor buildings will be erected as funds can be procured.

The college building has a width of forty-eight feet and a length of one hundred and ten. The part of the building devoted to the out-patient department is forty-four feet square within the walls, and consists of one large and five smaller examination-rooms, with a separate waiting-room for women, and a hall large enough to serve as a waiting-room for men; in addition to these, there is a pharmacy, which is of sufficient size to answer all the purposes of that department of the administration. Back of this there are two main entrances to the building, one to the north, intended for the students, and leading directly into the spacious hall, from which a broad staircase mounts to the top of the building. From the hall leads out an assembly-room for students.

On the first floor the end of the building toward the boulevard contains the laboratory, twenty-four feet by forty-four, the space for the furnaces being screened off at one end to protect the students engaged in delicate experiments at the tables from the heat and from interruption. Beside this, and partly communicating with it, is the Junior lecture-room, twenty by thirty feet, and communicating with the chemist's room, or a private room for the chemical lectures beyond.

On the second floor the whole space to the east of the staircase and doctors' rooms is devoted to the great lecture-room, forty-four feet square, and with a steep incline to the auditorium. The space below this rapidly sloping floor is utilized for the Histology Department, with large windows fronting north, and with room for a series of alcoves for separate microscopical research, together with cases sufficient for apparatus and specimens.

From the third-story hall the dissecting-room is entered on the east. It is forty-four feet square, occupying the whole space above the great lecture-room, and lighted by windows high in the gable wall, fronting toward the boulevard, and by dormer-windows in the roof. On the third floor, to the west, is, in the first place, the entrance to the uppermost seats of the anatomical theatre, and also a separate entrance to a series of special observation-rooms, which are hung in the air, as it were, above the demonstrator's table, the great height of the theatre having made it unnecessary to leave all the space free above the heads of the lecturer and his class. These rooms, fronting the south, will be used by the Department of Experimental Pharmacology.

The building is fire-proof, as by law it has to be, and as assuredly it ought to be. In the halls and staircases and in the basement there is absolutely nothing that could take fire, no combustible material of any sort, and the roof is entirely fire-proof. Whatever wood is used in the fittings of the rooms is so isolated and so incrusted in solid masonry that it is, in the first place, as nearly removed from the danger of catching fire as may be, and secondly, is absolutely prevented from communicating fire from one part to another.

The Flower Hospital, which is an entirely separate building, communicates with the college by an underground tunnel, which has for its chief purpose the communication between the elevator in the hospital and the pump, etc., in the basement of the college. Otherwise there is no communication between them, the hospital having its own entrance.

The history of this institution deserves more than a passing notice. It was chartered as a regular school of medicine, and its students receive the regular degree of doctor of medicine. It was the first, and for many years the only, medical college in New York to require of its students a three-years' graded course of lectures, as well as a preliminary examination to test the fitness of those desiring to study medicine, and reject the illiterate. The course of instruction is complete and thorough in every department of medicine and surgery. Great efforts are made during the first years of the students' work to provide ample facility for laboratory work in medical chemistry and sanitary science. During the succeeding years the advanced students have abundant opportunities for studying diseases in the out-patient department connected with the institution, at the bedsides of patients in tenement-houses, and in the surgical hospital.

This institution expects to establish an ambulance service in connection with its free hospital. It hopes also to have maternity and medical hospitals equipped and endowed, to render the education of its students still more thorough and complete. The wealthy friends of the school so far have contributed generously for the purchase of property and the erection of the present buildings. The ladies also have worked zealously in its behalf, and the trustees have large hopes for the future. Laboratories for sanitary science, bacteriology, and especially for pharmacology (the knowledge of drugs), are needed. For the last-mentioned study a great future is opening. The discovery of new remedies for disease will occupy the time and talents of our best minds, and were the equipment and support of such a laboratory assured, a few years would witness brilliant results.

THE NEW CENTURY CLUB-HOUSE.

The Century Club rather prides itself on its conservatism, and it is perhaps by reason of that quality that it has been found so congenial by foreign visitors of a literary or artistic turn of mind, who, from Thackeray down to Max O'Rell, have borne testimony to its attractiveness. Nevertheless the Century has found itself forced to move with the times, though slowly and reluctantly, and it has resolved to remove from the quarters it has occupied for thirty-two years in East Fifteenth Street, just behind Steinway Hall, to the new building preparing for it in Forty-third Street, west of Fifth Avenue. The removal was determined not solely by the upward movement of its members, but by the impossibility of extending its present building so as to meet the demands of its increasing membership. The name of the club long ago became a misnomer, and the present constitutional limit is seven hundred. It is very nearly filled, and it is expected that it will be extended when the larger accommodations of the new house become available.

As almost every eminent architect in the city is a member of the Century, the task of selecting the designer for the new club-house seemed formidable, but the choice of the club, or its committee, fell upon Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, whose fulfilment of it may in part be judged from the illustration on page 876. It will be seen that they have reverted to the forms of the Italian Renaissance, and the general disposition of the front recalls rather the club-houses of Pall-Mall, which in turn are reminiscences of the Palladian palaces, than any American examples. In fact, with the wide range of style, extending from the Union League to the new Progress Club, and including the converted private mansions in which several New York clubs still abide, it would be hard to say that there is with us any accepted type of club architecture.

The emphasis given to the horizontal lines of the façade shows that the designers of the new club-house are aware of the advantage of a frontage of a hundred feet in New York, and are determined to make the most of it, at the expense of the altitude, which in so much recent building is the greater dimension. The new Century will be something over sixty feet high, but it certainly will not make the impression of such a height. Architecturally it really consists of but two stories, or rather of two strata, though each of these is subdivided, and they are distinguished from each other not only in treatment, but in material, the basement being of a light stone, and the superstructure of cream-colored brick. The severity of the basement, with its simple openings, is strongly contrasted with the ornateness of the superstructure, an ornateness suggested by the plasticity of the terra-cotta of which its wrought-work is composed. In each story the central feature is the striking point, the tall and massive archway of the main entrance below, and the rich and graceful loggia above.

The Century has not heretofore had a regular restaurant, though of late years it has acceded to the demands of its members by the establishment of what is modestly known as a grill, though it would be more accurately described, perhaps, as a *table d'hôte*. The restrictions of the old club-house in kitchen and service have prevented it from doing more. In the new house the enlarged facilities will make possible the maintenance of a dining-room in addition to a grill-room. The billiard-room in the basement, with smoking and reading rooms, will take up the rest of the available space, while the principal apartment, as the character of the club requires, will be the library, a very spacious room occupying half of the upper part of the building, and running through both the principal story and the mezzanine indicated on the outside by the "bull's-eye" openings.

The new club-house will be the seventh abode of the Century, though five of its migrations were accomplished within the first ten years of its existence, and the house from which it will shortly remove is the only one that has been built for it. Of the men who founded it in 1847 but three now survive—Daniel Huntington, the present president, John H. Gourlie, and William J. Hoppin. Its vice-presidents are Henry C. Potter and John Bigelow. The constitution sets forth that "the association shall be composed of authors, artists, and amateurs of letters and the fine arts." A liberal construction is given to this requirement in practice, but it is nevertheless sufficiently adhered to to retain for the club its distinctive character, and its membership represents very much of what is most distinguished and honorable in the intellectual life of New York.

BARNUM'S EMBARKATION.

All the heavy material to be taken to London by Barnum & Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth" was put on board the Anchor Line steam-ship *Furnessia* at the Prentice Stores, in Brooklyn, on Saturday, October 19th, and on Sunday the vessel sailed away with as strange a cargo, probably, as ever was loaded on a ship. The pier was cumbered all day with elephants, camels, zebras, horses, band wagons, Roman chariots, trunks, chests, and the numberless articles, large and small, that are of more or less importance in the composition of the great American circus. No great circus company had ever before made the voyage to Europe, so there was no precedent for the method of handling any of the properties; but measurements had been so carefully made that a place was assigned for everything, and every cage, wagon, and elephant fitted into its place as snugly as if the show spent most of its time on the water. Although the steam-ship lay by the side of the pier, the large animals and the heavier articles were not taken on board from the wharf, but were put on large flat lighters, and from them hoisted to the deck with slings. Thus the elephants and camels and horses went on board without difficulty, none of them offering any serious objections. The smaller animals were in boxes made especially for the purpose, none of them being confined in the cages in which they are exhibited. Mr. Barnum did not take along his entire menagerie, because the Englishmen are so used to seeing lions and tigers and other natives of hot countries that those animals would have been no novelty in London; he confined himself to the distinctively American animals, such as white and black fallow-deer, buffalo, prairie-dogs, panthers, and water-buffalo, the only "foreigners" taken along, such as the elephants and camels, being trained performing animals.

The question of providing so many flesh-eating animals with food during the voyage was solved by freezing the fresh meat in cubical cakes, and then packing it in refrigerators between layers of ice. Besides the properties, the *Furnessia* carried 209 employés of the show in her first and second cabins, everything being under the charge of Treasurer M. F. Young. Among the first-cabin passengers were Mr. H. L. Watkins, Mr. Bailey's private secretary; Henry Barnum, the show manager, who, notwithstanding his name, is not related to the great American showman; General Superintendent Frank Hyatt; Master of Transportation Byron V. Rose; and William Newman, "Elephant Bill," who has charge of the elephants. In the second cabin were a large number of Zulus, cow-boys, freaks, hostlers, grooms, and animal men, and the twenty-one colored people of both sexes who compose the Jubilee singers. The *Furnessia* carried no passengers but members of the company, but it was necessary to take in some other cargo, because the weight of the animals was not sufficient to load her properly. Instead of going to Glasgow, her usual port, she sailed for London direct.

FIENDS.

GENUS—CARRIERS OF UMBRELLAS.

This was only a part of the great show. The *City of Rome*, which sailed October 16th, carried over 160 of the principal performers in her first cabin, and a great number of animals. Mr. Barnum himself sailed in the *Etruria* on October 12th, with Mrs. Barnum and Mr. Barnum Seeley, his grandson and probable successor. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey sailed in the *Victoria Augusta*, October 17th. The *City of Rome* carried all the advertising material, which is expected to make the Englishmen open their eyes. It weighs more than eighty tons, and will be pasted all over Great Britain. Fifty thousand sheets will be posted in London alone, and that there is ample room there for them is shown by a letter received from Mr. W. H. Gardner, the general agent, just before the *Furnessia* sailed, in which he said of the bill-posting: "It will be nearly all ladder work, some of the bill-boards being fifty feet high. No one puts anything in the windows here, but we will show them how." Thirty-eight bill-posters, all in uniform, went over in the *City of Rome*, and the advertising paper they will handle cost $166,000.

This trip to Europe has been under consideration for some time, but it is not expected that it can possibly do much more than pay the enormous expenses, which will be more than $350,000 for travelling, besides $12,000 a day for the 100 days the show will remain in London. Mr. Barnum says he is willing to spend $100,000 to show the English what an American circus is. The show will be given in London only, in the Olympia, in Kensington, a building considerably larger than the old Madison Square Garden, and to which additions have been built for this occasion at a cost of $10,000. Kiralfy's *Nero, or the Fall of Rome*, has been annexed to the show, and will occupy part of the main building. This alone brings 800 performers into view at one time, and the entire number who will appear in public is 1240. Excursion trains will be run from all parts of the United Kingdom, and the business will open with a parade, in connection with the Lord Mayor's procession, on November 9th. Barnum and Bailey are large stockholders in the new Madison Square Garden, and they will have the show back in New York by the middle of March, in time to give the first performances in the new building. All the animals and other properties taken across the ocean were fully insured against loss or damage by fire or water, and of the whole vast company, the only representative now left in America is Mr. R. F. Hamilton, the press agent.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

COASTING CAPTAIN (*desirous of getting his vessel piloted down the river, to a friend*). "Say, Boggs, that Sam Tufts wants to pilot me down. Hez he had much 'xperience? S'pose he knows whar all the rocks be?"

FRIEND (*gruffly*). "Hump'! Waal, he'd orter. He's been on 'em all times enough."

plain to an extent the waiting character of the stock-market. At the moment the incubus of an active money market has been lifted, but there are no signs of an immediate large movement of prices in either direction.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, October 26, 1889.*

CONSTANTINE, DUKE OF SPARTA, THE HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF GREECE.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA OF GERMANY, CROWN-PRINCESS OF GREECE.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ATHENS.

CONSTANTINE, Duke of Sparta, married at Athens October 27th, is the eldest son of the King of Greece, and heir-apparent to the crown. He was born at Athens in 1868, and is therefore in the very heyday of life—at the happy time that destiny loves to illumine, for princes as for others, with "the bloom of young desire and purple light of love." His father is King of one country; his grandfather of another; one of his aunts is Empress of Russia, and another will be Queen of England unless "the blind Fury with the abhorred shears" outdoes in England, as it is thought she may, the game that was played with the lives of sovereigns in Germany, when the aged ruler held on, till the life of his son withered away with disease. If the Prince of Wales is, as is believed now, stricken with a fatal malady, not the least of the disappointments involved in the calamity of his early death will be that the beautiful Alexandria can never be crowned Queen. Crowns are therefore abundant in the Glucksburg family, and the Duke himself "shall be king hereafter," provided he outlives his father. His father, however, is only forty-four, and is a lucky man, for he was King of Greece about four months before his own father was made King of the Danes. These people, by-the-way, are related to that terrible Schleswig-Holstein complication, and it is therefore dangerous to touch the ultimate threads of their genealogies; for Lord Palmerston's statement of the difficulties of that case is as true now as it was in Palmerston's time. Constantine's mother is Queen Olga, of the Russian imperial family, and he is named after her father, one of the sons of Emperor Nicholas.

Princess Sophia Dorothea, his bride, was born in 1870, and is the third daughter of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany and the Empress Victoria, and is consequently sister to the German Emperor, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and a niece or a cousin to nearly everybody in Europe who is within three or four lives of a crown. She is happier in her destiny than her sister Victoria, who was so maladroit as to fall in love with a Battenberg.

Over the wedding of this princely pair Athens had a festival such as no city of Europe has seen in modern times, and for even a partial parallel to which one must rummage in the record of the gorgeous fables of prehistoric times. But even in the days when all the cities sent gifts, and all the princes came themselves to honor the marriage of the most beautiful of known women, the company, measured by what it represented, was insignificant by comparison with that which assisted at the nuptials in Athens. There were a full hundred of royal and princely persons, as in the old days; but almost any one of them might count for fifty of Homer's princes. It was a handsome tribute to the glory that was Greece's to play the Persæ of Æschylus, and a pretty piece of emblematic fancy to have the grand flights of Grecian thought wedded to the tender harmonies of German music.

Three great powers of Europe have made an especial point of doing honor to this festival. Germany is represented by her Emperor, and Russia and England each by the heir-apparent to the throne. This fact can hardly be lost upon the advisers of the Sultan; and if the marriage itself is a love-match, this famous celebration of it is perhaps in some degree a political demonstration. It costs little for Prince Bismarck to show in this way that Germany and Russia are in hearty sympathy as to some things. King George's accession to the throne of Greece initiated a period of Grecian expansion; and the movement that began when the Ionian Islands were added to the kingdom may be taken up again in the time of George's son and successor.

CENTRALIZATION IN THE RAILROAD WORLD.

THE successful conclusion early in the week of negotiations that have been pending for some time between the Chicago and Northwestern and the Union Pacific railroad companies compels fresh reference to a development that was discussed at length in this column six months or so ago, namely, the tendency toward centralization among the railroads of the country. A good deal of progress has been made in that direction since the status of the movement was last noted in the WEEKLY, which it seems timely to recount now that an extraordinarily long stride has been taken. Last spring the railroad company popularly known as the "Big Four," and legally as the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Company, began its systematic absorption of the smaller roads in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois that were geographically tributary to its main lines. It is still at it, and in a few weeks will, it is understood, formally consolidate with its allied company, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. It will also take on a number of smaller roads, notably the Ohio, Indiana, and Western and the Vincennes and Chicago. The system when completed will consist of main lines from Chicago and St. Louis to Newport News that will sustain close reciprocal relations with many hundred miles of branches penetrating the rapidly developing manufacturing regions of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The possibilities of combinations between the railroads in those States—that is, the smaller and unaffiliated lines—seem to be innumerable. It is safe to predict that the majority of them will in one way or another eventually form parts of complete and comprehensive systems. The existing conditions of railroad traffic, which include the effects of the enforcement of the Inter-State Commerce Law, force the railroads together whether they will or not. Besides, there is a growing disposition all around to yield to what is termed the tendency of the times—a feeling that helps to give force and expression to that tendency.

The Richmond and West Point Terminal Company has made noteworthy progress during the summer in the line indicated. It has not acquired any new mileage to speak of, but it has strengthened its grip upon two of the most important roads in its system—the Richmond and Danville and the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia—by completing its proprietary interest in them. The Union Pacific has welded all of its branch lines into a system by themselves, and at the same time has brought them into closer relations with the parent company. It has also begun the purchase of its most important leased line. Steps have been taken for merging the control of the several railroads forming what is known as the Hill or Manitoba system of roads into a single corporation, and after that is done, an alliance probably with the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy over its C., B., and Northern road will be made. The object will be to secure an entrance into Chicago, and at that point an outlet to the East that will be available all the year around. On the other hand, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road will obtain a line to the Pacific Coast. That company has a line as far west as Denver, but that is a long way from the coast. Moreover, the Northern line has many advantages, as the Manitoba road will soon be working its way through to Puget Sound, traversing a country that bids fair to witness extraordinary development during the next few years.

Very few people, either in Wall Street or elsewhere, were prepared for the news of the close traffic compact between the Northwestern and the Union Pacific companies. It is safe to say that the operation of the two roads under the contract will have to be well under way before a clear idea of its purpose will be obtained. The benefits that the patrons of the two roads will receive are manifest, and, what is of equal importance, the effect upon competing roads will soon be understood. Already the other Granger roads are beginning to express their disapproval of it. Their officers talk of making connections that will enable them to do as well by their patrons as the Northwestern is about to do by its. They will have to do so or go out of the business. It is suggested that the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Company will find its way west from Denver, over the Denver and Rio Grande and connecting lines, to San Francisco. The C., B., and Quincy's alliance has already been indicated, while in well-informed quarters it is believed that the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul road will coalesce with the Northwest and Union Pacific alliance. These results will not be attained without some friction, for a certain amount of threatening and bluffing seems as necessary to a railroad deal as to a horse trade.

The first important result of these coalitions between transcontinental and Granger trunk lines will be the wiping out of territorial traffic boundaries, and with their disappearance the points where the two connect will cease to be terminal points, and the traffic associations that have labored with only indifferent success to harmonize the differences that are constantly arising between competing lines will fall to pieces. There can be no railroad Trust in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but there can be a unity of purpose on the part of those who manage the great systems that are gradually coming together, in order to improve their service, reduce their expenses, and at the same time lessen competition. Where these changes will end, no one can predict; even those who are parties to them may not be able to foresee the end, for they are moving under the pressure of circumstances rather than shaping their own destinies. But that the period is one of transition no one can deny.

The relations of the trunk lines east of Chicago and St. Louis to those that have been mentioned have also come up for consideration. The theory, indeed a fundamental principle, of the Eastern lines, especially of the Pennsylvania and of the Vanderbilt systems, has been that they would have no tangible alliances beyond their Western termini. Again, circumstances may wipe out established rules, and compel them to turn their roads into transcontinental lines. As long as the Inter-State Law operates to fix through rates on the basis of local rates, or *vice versa*, the cost of through business must be brought down by the abolition of every possible terminal charge. Moreover, the public, both as shipper and passenger, is demanding economy in time and the minimum of cost and inconvenience. As Trusts and consolidations of large systems are out of the question, the best expedient is adopted, and at the moment it seems to be traffic contracts of the intimate character entered into for ten years from November 1st by the Union Pacific and the Northwestern companies. If, as has been suggested, the Northern Pacific-Wisconsin Central system makes the Baltimore and Ohio road its Eastern outlet, as it is suspected, the Union Pacific-Northwestern combination will eventually use the Vanderbilt roads east of Chicago; the Pennsylvania, despite its protestations, may have to fulfil current predictions of an alliance with the C., B., and Quincy system, or cease to compete for through traffic.

The conditions that have been dwelt upon ex-

TAKEN UNAWARES.

UNSUSPECTED causes for malaria exist everywhere. A sunken lot partly filled with water in the vicinity of your abode, a new location upon land filled in, but formerly overflowed or marshy, and causes far more occult than these produce the atmospheric *miasmata* which constitute the germs that, if inhaled, ripen into fever and ague and congenital maladies. A person taken unawares with a malarial complaint should, as soon as it declares itself, seek aid from the safe, non-disappointing, cordial medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has for over a third of a century, and in every quarter of the globe, relieved the malaria-stricken, and neutralized miasma in air and water. The Bitters imparts activity to the stomach, bowels, and liver, repels incipient rheumatism, and remedies inaction of the kidneys and bladder. Appetite and sleep are improved, and the infirmities of age mitigated by its use.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome FOOD for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious FOOD for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

HAPPY HOMES MAKE HAPPY HEARTS.

Rev. DR. HOWARD CROSBY says of "Halma":

"'Halma' is a very favorite game in my family. It creates an enthusiasm beyond any other game. It has enough skill in it to make amusement healthy and improving."

Send for circular. "Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar. E. I. HORSMAN, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a pleasant drink and health-giving tonic. To persons of sedentary habits it is invaluable. It should be regularly used on every table. All grocers and druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP is recommended by physicians as being the best skin soap made. 25 cents, druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Fine Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

IF you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

SUCCESS in life is the result of push and energy. If the blood is impure and sluggish both body and mind lack vigor. To cleanse and vitalize the blood and impart new life to the system, nothing else has such a marvellous effect as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE HIDDEN RIVER.*

BY GEORGE W. HOSMER, M.D.

SEVEN youths and seven maidens were the tribute that Athens paid to the monster in the labyrinth. Since nearly all the mythology has been interpreted into one or another form of sun myth, perhaps it will do no violence to interpretation to regard this scrap as a myth of the sewers; for what are the sewers but labyrinthine mazes beneath the city, the dwellings and strongholds of deadly forces exacting daily tribute in the lives of the fair and beautiful sons and daughters of the people. But in the way of the full acceptance of the story of the Minotaur as a fair myth of the sewers stands the fact that the monster's appetite was perhaps too moderate if we take the figures literally. Seven youths and seven maidens a year would be too small a tribute for the monsters that live in our sewers, certainly, who count their annual victims rather by many thousands.

Myths are certainly not strong on the mathematical side—and the myth-makers gave 7 or 9 as the statement of a large indefinite quantity; somewhat as the intelligent contraband in the war, when asked how many soldiers were in the other army, always said "thousands and thousands." No statistician can tell us how many are the annual victims of our sewers, and no doctor knows; but the opinion is general that many of the common and familiar maladies are caused by emanations from the sewers, and that the same emanations aggravate to the point of fatal severity diseases that they do not cause; and it is possible that half the annual death list in any city has a direct relation to the sewer evil either as this evil is the source of zymotic diseases or as it embroiders a zymotic disease upon an inflammatory malady.

For a great while the evil of the sewers was contemplated somewhat vaguely. People talked a great deal about sewer gas as if it was a very dreadful reality, but acted as if they did not believe in its existence, nor in the existence of any equivalent to it. They acted as if this gas was a sort of abstract evil known to the chemical fellows, but which did not concern ordinary people in their daily lives, because people do not fully realize the presence or operation of things that they cannot see or feel. They accepted the report of the experts about sewer gases, but did not know how these did harm. The theory of microbes has done a great deal to clear this up. People comprehend now that the sewer gas is loaded; that it is not merely an abstract nonentity which may be the figment of some cranky imagination, but is a vapor loaded with virulent or living poisons that can be and are taken into the system with the air we breathe. Diphtheria, typhus-fever, yellow-fever, scarlet-fever, measles, cholera are so many diseases the germs of which may come upon any puff of foul air from a sewer; because, though the germs of the eruptive fevers do not originate in the sewers, they get there from houses where infected persons are, and thus are conveyed to other houses. Indeed, it may be the same with all the zymotic diseases as to this point. We are moving toward a modification of medical ideas as to the origin of some familiar diseases. For centuries it has been held, and evidently correctly held, that if any person got smallpox, he got it by contact more or less immediate with some other person having the disease. But it was believed that typhus or typhoid fever could always be developed *de novo* by persons living in conditions of filth that filled the air with the poisonous, but not specific, emanations from the human body. So it was believed that the germ of diphtheria was always in the drains. It is now held by many that typhus or typhoid fever poisons or microbes come only from those having these maladies; and that if they come out of the drains, it is only as the drains themselves have become the temporary lodging-places of the evil. As to diphtheria, ideas are not yet so definite; but it is clear that the tendency of opinion must be in the same direction in proportion as specific germs for such disease come to be identified.

In this later theory there is a certain comfort, as it indicates that in fighting certain formidable diseases in their sources, mankind is not compelled to fight the whole universe of filthy and putrefying things, and the general indifference of the people to cleanliness, but may attend strictly to that more limited area, the bodies of those who have diseases. If typhoid-fever must be put into the drains before it can come out of them, then some day we may hope to see it stamped out, since a vigilant sanitary surveillance of all but the very largest cities can keep the drains free from it, and thus cut off the commonest channel of communication.

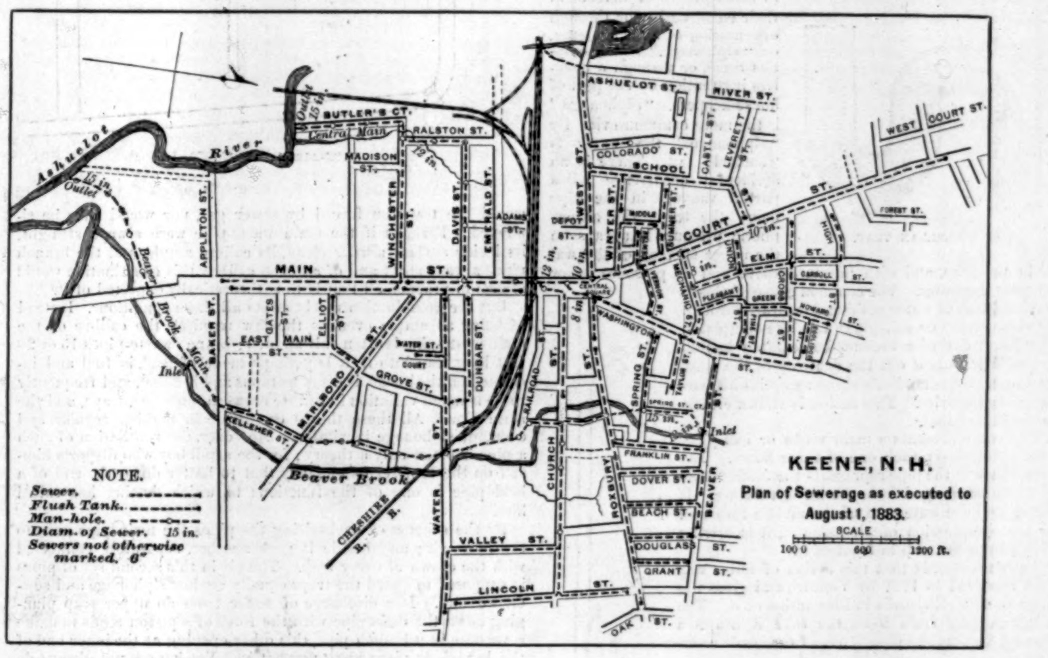
In view of all this, the sewer acquires, in the scheme of modern life, an importance that could scarcely have been imagined in the good old times for an underground conduit of refuse substances; and if Lycurgus, Solon, and the other ancients were revered as the wise organizers of the popular welfare, as reformers of codes, and so on, the maker of a good sewer, and, above all, the contriver of a good system of sewerage, is worthy especial honor as the man who helps to make the homes of the people safe against deadly evils in their most insidious form. Colonel Waring deserves well of humanity for his labors in this field. He has imagined, and it may be said he has perfected in its application to many small cities, an extremely effective system of sewerage, and introduced into the art of drainage new ideas of extensive scope. He has sewered, we believe, a round dozen of cities, and one of these he has thereby redeemed from the devastation of a terrible epidemic disease. History has preserved the names of men who built great cities, but has commonly neglected the names of the makers of sewers. History will be more just in the future, and will recognize that the underground part of a city is of more importance as to the city's welfare than what is above-ground; and in that kind of history the name of Colonel Waring will have a good place.

Sewerage in its simplest sense is the removal of part of the refuse of houses in underground conduits; the grade of the conduits being so disposed that the water discharged with the refuse shall form a current by gravitation, and thus carry all away. Naturally the current thus formed is seldom rapid, as the grade can never be steep, and the sluggish stream deposits as sediment part of what it is supposed to carry away, and a small deposit becomes a nucleus for a greater one. Sewers are thus always more or less obstructed, and material so retained putrefies and becomes the source of those foul and dangerous gases that rise into the houses from the drains, and are supposed to be very important factors in the propagation of zymotic diseases. In cities, storm water is apt to be almost as much of an evil as the house refuse; and the engineers thought they would overcome two evils at one stroke by running this also into the sewers; for they would thus escape the occasional deluging of streets and cellars by this water, and they would put into the sewers a force that would scour them out at every hard rain. But for the sewers to carry away effectively the products of a heavy rain-storm they must be very much larger than it is necessary to make them for their more essential service. It is not an advantage to have them over-large for the disposition of house refuse. On the contrary, it is an evil, for this only affords more room for the retention of putrefying substances, and a large sewer only becomes a vaster collection of substances that form a seed-bed of diseases. We necessarily produce this evil when we make the sewers large enough for the occasional service of removing storm water.

The Waring system of sewerage is a modification of the general system which limits the contents of the sewers, and involves a particular method of construction. Colonel Waring excludes the storm water from sewers, restricting them to their logical purpose as conduits for the removal of waste; and he provides a means for accomplishing in the cleansing of the sewers all the good that storm water can ever do. His especial construction and his flushing apparatus strike at sewer gas in its birthplace, as their object is to keep the sewers clean. Out of a clean sewer there can come no disease.

The essential features of the Waring system are: "separation," that is to say, the exclusion from the sewers of everything but sewage proper, and the water necessary for the periodical flushing; the reduction of the size of conduits in all the minor parts of the system or laterals, and the securing of a smooth interior surface by the use of pipes for all but the main lines, and in some cases for these also; and the application of automatic flushing machinery. By making separate provision for the rain-water the need for large pipes throughout the system is obviated, and the pipes in the various parts of the system can be made with some relation to their proper contents. For the main line of a sewer into which a hundred smaller lines discharge, an ample conduit is an obvious requirement; but to make each one of the hundred as large or nearly as large is not only ridiculous, it is mischievous, because it makes possible those accumulations which being some day dislodged from the minor lines stop the main one and suddenly convert a local into a general evil. The small pipes of the Waring system, equal to the reception and carriage of all the refuse from the small number of houses on any one side street, and of such a diameter and grade that the volume of water from the flushing tank completely fills them and moves down them with such force as to certainly carry away things that tend to form a lodgement, are as correct in theory as they have been found to be effective in practice. One main line of sewer, with its series of smaller inlets, on this system is a true scientific unit of sewerage; and if whole cities could be sewered by a harmonious and effective combination of such units, we should be near to the attainment of the great desideratum for making a healthy city—sewers that would automatically cleanse themselves, and therefore be always clean and proximately safe.

In view of ordinary conceptions of sewers as great subterranean channels for rivers of filth, to be visited occasionally by the men who clean them out, the substitution of a pipe so small as to make that sort of inspection impossible is a very great departure; and this intricate pipe system has seemed, for this reason, an impractical proposition. But a glimpse at the scheme of the sewerage of Keene, N. H., as planned by Colonel Waring, will show that the pipe system involves also a necessary simplicity in plan which is an almost essential part of its excellence. In this system it will be seen there are four groups of pipes, each of which is practically independent. In any city sewerage may be simplified on the same principle.



Colonel Waring has formulated, as below, the requirements of a good sewer.

1. It must be perfectly tight from one end to the other, so that all matters entering it shall be securely carried to its outlet; not a particle of impurity leaks through into the soil.
2. It must have a continuous fall from the head to the outlet, in order that its contents may keep moving, so that there shall be no halting to putrefy by the way, and no depositing of silt that would endanger the channel.
3. It must be perfectly ventilated, so that the poisonous gases that necessarily arise, even when decomposing matters are being carried along in the water, shall be diluted with fresh air, and shall have such means of escape as will prevent them from forcing their way into houses through the traps in the house drains.
4. It must be provided with means for inspection and for flushing.
5. The branches by which it receives its supply should be so regulated as to admit nothing that will be liable to choke the channel.
6. There must be some device to prevent the gases of the sewer from rising through the house drains, or through the street basins.
7. Its size must be so adjusted to its work that it will remove all water that ordinary rains bring to it, and so that the usual dry weather flow shall keep it free from silt and organic deposits.

This is a good summary of the qualities of a perfect sewer; and of the seven problems presented it may fairly be said that Colonel Waring's own sewers solve five in such a way as to be substantially satisfactory. Ordinary sewers are never perfectly tight from one end to the other. They could be made so; but to do this would cost more money than cities will spend for the purpose. By the pipe system, there is required, to make the sewers perfectly tight, only an intelligent supervision of the workmen; and intelligence is the least paid of all the commodities that cities buy. With the sewerage all constructed at once, the proper grade is a matter of course; and the cleansing current results from the grade. Colonel Waring's system only does not solve the problem of ventilation, nor that of the protection of houses from deleterious gases. Save as it indirectly contributes to this solution by making the sewers cleaner, and therefore making these things less imperatively necessary, it leaves them where they were. And the protection of the houses is ultimately the main point. Latham is well within the limit when he says: "The work of house drainage is the crowning-point of a system of sewers. Upon the care and skill bestowed in carrying out this portion of the sanitary requirements of a district in a great measure will depend the ultimate success of the work in a sanitary point of view. It cannot be overlooked that imperfect sanitary work in connection with the houses in which we reside will result in the malarious influence of the sewers and drains being brought to bear upon the occupants. As a rule, the works of house drainage are carelessly carried out, and often inflict untold injury upon the luckless inhabitants of the house in which they are executed."

For the protection of our houses from sewer gases we are yet mainly dependent upon those things that the plumbers have comically called traps; and this is a poor protection.

In the world of modern contrivances few are so much talked about and so little understood as the trap set by the plumber. This in its simplest form is a loop in a waste-pipe, intended to catch and retain a portion of the outgoing water in order that this water may close the pipe and prevent the upward movement of offensive gases from the sewer. As the simple original trap is not to be relied upon, invention has busied itself with the trap problem, and patent traps abound. Every well-made house is supposed to have a trap on the house drain at its lowest point before the connection with the sewer; but this is not universal. Every water-closet has a trap, and many of them a water-seal above the trap equivalent to a second trap. And all waste-pipes under basins or sinks have other traps, and the very multiplication of these defences is a record of our experience as to their inefficiency.

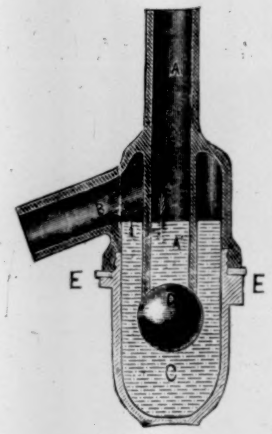
There are two traps in tolerably common use—the ordinary S trap and the Bower trap. Others are less frequently seen. The S trap was probably the first, as it perhaps did not need to be invented, but was likely a mere development of the trap made by accident when the plumber gives an ordinary lead pipe a downward bend. The pot trap was the first of those made in the endeavor to improve upon this with a trap that would not be emptied by siphonage. This trap has been described as a small cesspool, because it becomes a place of deposit for filth. It is now little used. The same may be said of the bottle trap. This stands full of water to the edge of the outlet pipe, and is also a little cesspool. It can be siphoned. Another trap in more common use is the Bower trap.

S TRAP.

The Bower trap is mechanically the same as the bottle trap, with the addition of a ball valve. The inlet pipe, instead of coming in at the side, comes in at the top, and is perpendicular, and the lower end of this inlet is closed by a buoyant rubber ball. The flow of water into the trap displaces the ball, and its buoyancy restores it again to its position against the opening of the pipe. The safety of this trap is in the septum of lead that constitutes the side of the inlet pipe above the level of the retained water. Corrosion and the ac-

POT TRAP.

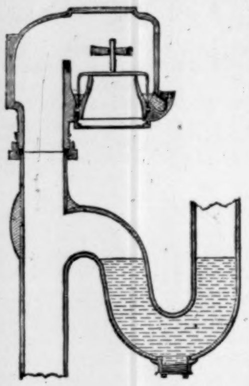
* *Sewerage and Land Drainage.* By George Waring, Jun. New York: D. Van Nostrand & Co. 1889.



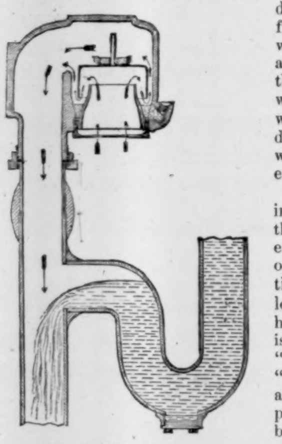
BOWER TRAP.

tion of various salts weaken this defence; the septum becomes defective, and the security is gone. The water-seal has been greatly reduced in it by siphonage.

In addition to these there is the recently introduced McCl. llan trap. The McClellan trap produces an automatic ventilation. Each trap is provided with a ventilating pipe the opening of which is near to the trap, and which is closed by a cap, the edges of which are set in mercury. In the equilibrium of atmospheric pressure the cap remains in place; but if a vacuum is produced in the pipe then the pressure of the atmosphere outside the pipe lifts the cap, the air rushes in and prevents siphonage; and the equilibrium being thus restored, the cap drops into place again. If this trap shall prove to be as good in practice as it appears to be in theory it will revolutionize the ventilation of traps, and solve some other problems.



We shall see the great importance of traps if we consider the condition things would be in without them. If the waste-pipe from the basin in your room ran straight down to the house drain, which is merely a branch of the sewer, then this basin and pipe, while nominally only intended to get rid of the foul water, would, in fact, serve also to ventilate the sewer, for the movement of gases would be out of the sewer into your warm room. You would breathe all night air charged with bacteria produced in the sewer; and floating in this air might be the germs of various fevers, the specific poison of typhus or of diphtheria. Communicable diseases would thus be passed from house to house, and would become "epidemic" in any neighborhood in which they appeared. This is what would always happen if there were no traps; this is what does happen where traps are wanting, or where they are ineffective.



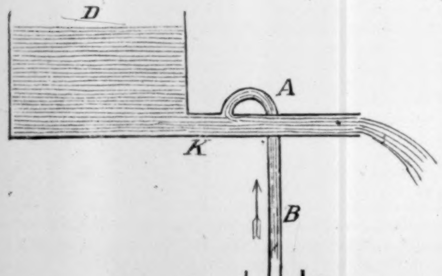
THE McCLELLAN TRAP.

Traps fail in their function in consequence of defects in their construction, or through evaporation of their contents, or "siphonage," which empties them, or through a heedless inattention on the part of house-keepers. "Siphonage" is the more common evil. By "siphonage" the water is "sucked" out. There is an accidental occurrence of a partial vacuum in the pipe below the trap; the atmospheric pressure is always on the upper surface of the water in the trap, and with pressure above and no pressure below out goes the water. The common cause of this is that a column of water rushing downward through the main waste or soil pipes acts like the piston of a pump, makes a vacuum immediately behind it, and thus pumps out the contents of the trap, just as the wine-handler's siphon empties his barrel against gravity. This action is shown clearly in the illustration.

The cut represents a main waste or soil pipe, with a fixture on each one of three floors. The dark space in the pipe represents the falling mass of water discharged from the hig'.est fixture. It has drawn the water out of the middle trap, and by the compression of air below it, it is driving air through the trap in front of it.

Latham records that this action of water was first observed in 1797 by Venturi, and gives the diagram from Ewbanks in illustration of it. The water moving from D by the tube K draws a colored fluid by the pipe B out of the small reservoir H.

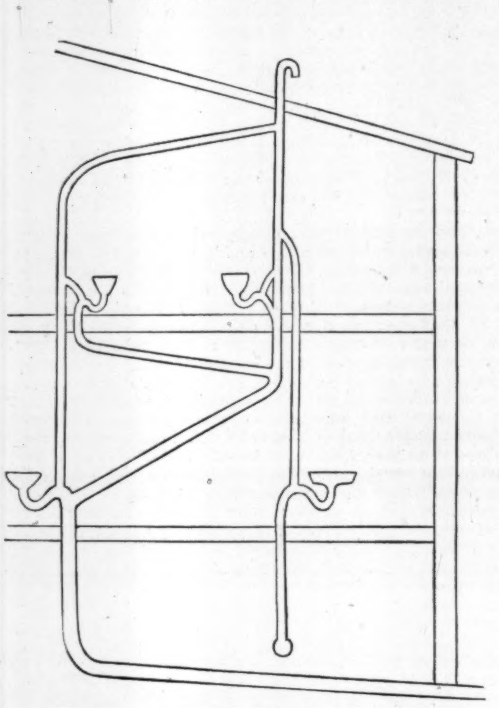
In cases where the siphon action is effective, the trap is completely emptied, and the water goes out with a plump that may be heard all over a room. But in most instances the trap is not emptied, and the noise heard is only a bubbling commotion in the water. It is very rare, however, that siphonage, where it occurs at all, is harmless, for it generally takes out enough water to break the seal. The water in a trap is said to seal the trap when it effectively closes the whole calibre of the pipe at the bend.



With the water thus drawn out of the traps by siphonage, a house becomes as much open to the access of gases from the sewer as if there were no traps; and invention was stimulated to protect the traps from this evil. This led to the simple ventilation of the waste and soil pipes—that is, the carrying them through the roof and leaving the upper ends open. But it was found that this did not always prevent the evil, and a more effective device followed—that, namely, of ventilating each trap separately, thus preventing the formation of a vacuum by supplying air at the menaced point.

These devices were first introduced apparently about 1870. In 1879, James McCloskey claimed to be the inventor of the device of separately ventilating, or back-airing, every trap; and it was proved in court that plumbing according to the annexed scheme had been put into a house in 1876.

In the primary system of ventilation of pipes the theory of the pipes is that the main waste-pipe is a straight tube extending from the house drain in the cellar to the open air above the roof of the house, and all basins or sinks discharge by branch pipes into this main pipe. Theoretically this appears to overcome all the evils; for, as there is an open vent from drain to sky, it may be thought that the air coming down the main pipe would at the end of the branch pipe always balance the pressure that is on the surface of the water in the trap at the other end of the same branch; while, as there is a free escape for noxious gases up the straight pipe, there would never be any pressure of these against the water in the traps. Thus neither would the traps be forced by sewer gas, nor would they be siphoned. Perhaps if the main waste-pipe were always straight, its inside surface always clean, its calibre ample, and the branch pipes always short and of an even calibre, this combination would realize in practice all that is thus theoretically expected of it.

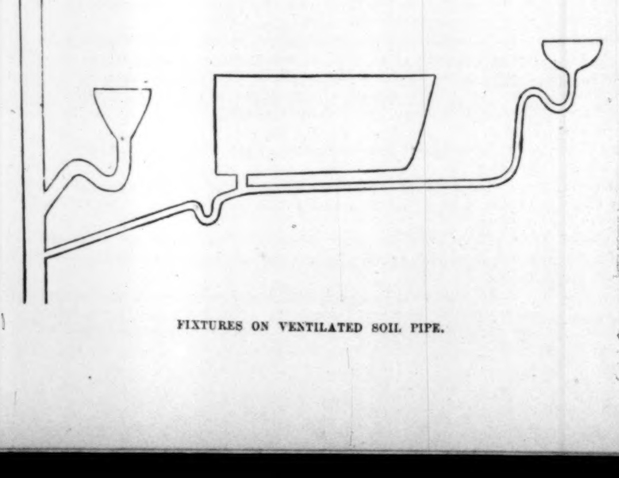


BACK-AIRED PIPES, 1876.

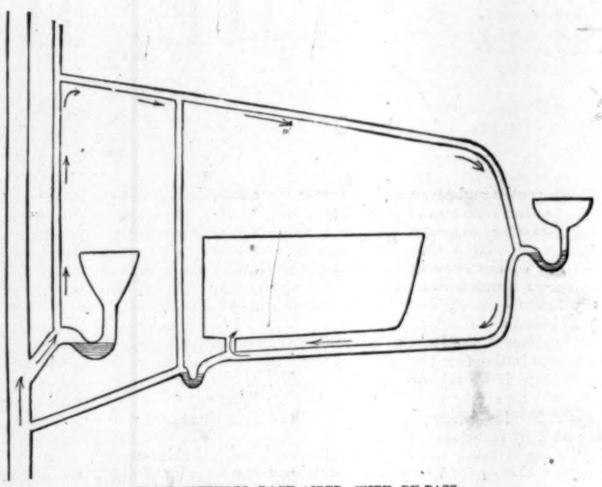
But the combination rarely meets all these conditions. Instead of being as ample even as the law requires, the calibre of the main waste-pipe is often only an inch; branch waste-pipes 15 or 20 feet long lead into it, it is perhaps made of lead, is foul and incrusted on the inside, is often tortuous and indirect, and frequently there is much variation in calibre between branches, traps, and the main pipe. All these things co-operate in making regular and constant siphonage inevitable. Moreover, the ventilation of such a pipe is often only a theory; for the small boy who disports himself on the roof seems to fancy that to batter down the end of a lead pipe is one of the functions to which destiny has called him.

By the scheme of back-airing the pipes the main pipe goes to the open air; and beside it goes another, separately connected with the crown of every trap. The air in this second set of pipes is supposed to guard the traps equally against siphonage and sewer pressure. If a discharge of water from an upper trap plunging down the main pipe with the force of a piston tends to make a vacuum in a branch pipe, this other opening at the inner end of the branch is planned to prevent it. Yet it does not always do this; but, in fact, it does in the vast majority of cases.

One of the evils of this double ventilation is that it sometimes leads to so much complication in pipes that the plumber gets lost; and in the excessive precaution of his elaborate ventilation, sometimes makes a by-pass, which is a free opening by way of the pipes from the sewer to the rooms—an opening as free as any that exists where there are no traps at all.



FIXTURES ON VENTILATED SOIL PIPE.



SAME FIXTURES BACK-AIRED, WITH BY-PASS.

This result of an oversight in the disposition of the ventilating pipes is not uncommon. An illustration will show it best. Here is a common relation of fixtures of some one room in many houses. There is a water-closet in one corner, a basin in another, and a bath-tub between; each fixture has a separate trap as the law requires, and the only bad point is that the basin has two traps, as it is on the same waste-pipe that discharges the bath-tub. But this is a minor evil.

But the plumber's contract probably calls for the separate back-airing of every trap, and when the back-air pipes are put on we have this condition.

Here the gas from the sewer passes up the soil-pipe and becomes engaged in the water-closet branch pipe. It passes up that to the point where the back-air pipe connects with the water-closet trap; passes along the back-air pipe to the connection with the back-air pipe from the basin; passes down that, along the basin waste-pipe to the bath-tub opening, and so into the room.

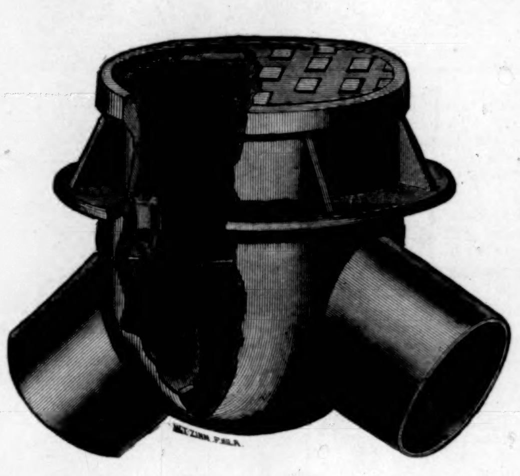
But the water-seal in traps is destroyed otherwise than by siphonage. In order that the seal may be perfect, the water must stand at the inlet and outlet sides above the line of depression of the upper side of the trap. But if siphonage takes out one-half the water it will stand below this, thus. In such a case there is a space between the inner band of the trap and the surface of the water, and gas from the sewer passes through this space. In warm rooms, and in fixtures used infrequently, evaporation will break the seal in the same way. Sometimes traps are set in such a way as to be useless from the first, because the water they hold does not close the opening. This is because the outlet is lower than the upper side of the dip. Such a trap is ineffective from the first. It is only a consequence of bad workmanship; but as bad workmanship is not uncommon in any trade, so this badly set trap is not an infrequent evil. Evaporation is a cause that is in operation all the time; and the rapidity with which it takes the water out of a trap to such a point as to open the seal is in proportion to the warmth of the room in which the fixture is. An ordinary trap holds rather less than a teacupful of water. Now if you put a teacupful of water in a room or in the closet where the trap is, you may see how rapidly half of it will evaporate. In just that time evaporation will open the seal of a trap. This fact is important only in the case of basins not in constant use. If one is out of town for two or three days, returns, and sleeps in his room without flushing the trap of the basin, he sleeps with an open communication from the sewer near him.

Another cause of the failure of the trap has been spoken of as heedless inattention on the part of the house-keeper. People rent an apartment in which there are more basins than they want. Perhaps there is one cozy room that they propose to give up altogether to the little girl. She does not want the basin; she will use the basin in mamma's room, which is next to her. But the corner occupied by the superfluous and unsightly basin is just the place where they want to put a little dressing-table. They have a happy thought—the carpenter is called in and fits a smooth piece of board over the marble top of the basin, and fastens it there; and then upon this they adjust a dimity cover and decorative upholstery, all fastened with pretty pink bows; and when the mirror is hung and all is ready, the basin is entirely out of sight, and nobody could ever imagine there was such a thing there. Such a structure is like a bouquet of roses with the head of a serpent under every rose; for the trap under the basin is dry in a day or two, and if the people have not sensitive noses the place soon becomes an evaporating area for fever microbes and diphtheria spores; and the petted little girl is perhaps the first victim.

If this were only an imagination it would be wanton cruelty to imagine it. But it is a statement of facts. The writer has seen this thing in the city a score of times, and there are, no doubt, hundreds of houses in which something like this exists.

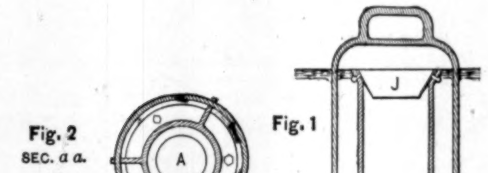
There is another evil of traps, as to which some scientific investigators come with the comfortable assurance that it is imaginary only. This is the giving off of noxious gases from the surface of water in the trap when the water has become saturated with the gas as it rises from the sewer. It is certain that water will absorb gases and hold them in solution, and hold only a defined quantity. It follows, therefore, that the gases from the sewer are taken up by the water in traps to the point of saturation. But what happens then? The gas continues to rise and the pressure is the same. It seems inevitable, therefore, that the gas will be given off from the surface of the water by evaporation, and its place in the water be supplied by the gas from the sewer, and that thus a current from the sewer into the room will be established through the water in the trap. Dr. Carmichael, of Glasgow, made some interesting experiments to determine this point, and alleges that things do not happen as the theory of pneumatics would lead us to believe. He holds that only an infinitely small portion of gas passes in this way, and that this gas does not bear with it any bacteria. Without pretending to say definitely that there was some fallacy involved in his apparatus, we are inclined to believe that

he proves too much, and that if we are to accept his conclusions we must set aside many others that appear to be well proved. If there are bacteria in the sewers, they must rise on the current of the gases out of the sewer; otherwise the sewers are not deadly, but harmless conduits. If the bacteria rise with the gases, they must come in contact with the water in the trap



INSPECTION CHAMBER—WARING SYSTEM.

and find there a place suited to their prolific increase, or all that we suppose we know of these organisms is wrong. If the water in the trap having become filled with bacteria does not give them off from the surface, or if they are not given off from the edges, where they adhere, as evaporation lowers the surface of the water, then any collection of bacteria must be harmless, and all our precautions against the propagation of disease in this way are useless, not to say nonsensical. In view of the importance of this point, it is worth particular attention. It is held that the contents of an ordinary trap in a room will be saturated with gas in from two to four hours, and that thereafter gas is given off from the surface during all the time that the same charge of water remains in it. Let us suppose that a man uses the basin in his sleeping-room just before he goes to bed—at, say, 10 P.M. The trap contains then a charge of fresh water. At 2 A.M. this charge is saturated with gas, and from two till six or seven, when the trap is emptied again, gas from the surface of the water in the trap is given off into the room, and contaminates the air. Whether such contaminated air causes illness depends, of course, upon the susceptibility of the sleeper. The evidence that contamination comes in this way is found in the fact that the air of closets or closed rooms containing basins is found to be offensive in the morning when it was pure at night, and when it is proved that the pipes are in good order. The evidence of the senses has a certain value, and if noted all the time is worth more than the evidence of any one series of experiments.



AUTOMATIC TANK FOR FLUSHING SEWERS—WARING SYSTEM.

Water-closet traps are like all other traps in respect to their becoming occasionally parts of an open conduit from the sewer into a room. Sometimes a superfluous water-closet in the house is locked up, and stands unused for months, the trap becoming dry by evaporation in a week, probably. These traps are also siphoned almost as freely as others. In many houses the soil-pipe is used as a rain-leader from the roof. This is contrary to law in New York city; but in many old houses the pipes are still in that way. The column of rain-water plunging down the pipe for hours at a time inevitably pumps the water out of all traps not protected by separate ventilation. It is a common thing to hear people in old houses mention how much worse the smells are on rainy days than on other days. This may be due to the ordinary impediment to evaporation; but it probably often has relation to siphoned traps.

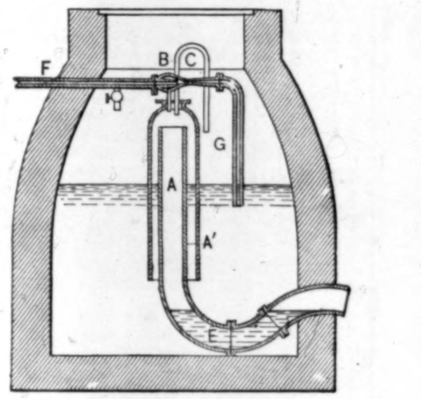
Colonel Waring has invented a water-closet—and, indeed, there is no end to improved forms of water-closets. The general objection to improved water-closets is that they complicate a simple fact. They all have above the trap a chamber in which a plug, or a basin, works; and this chamber tends to become very foul and a source of evil. An ample and deep trap is the main security; and this, combined with a bowl that stands two-thirds full of water, is the best that invention can do for us in this line. With the trap properly protected by separate ventilation, such a closet cannot become offensive.

In one of his requirements for a good sewer, Colonel Waring says "it must be perfectly ventilated"; in another, he says "there must be some device to prevent the gases of the sewer from rising through the house drains." In another place he appears to get over one of these difficulties, by totally abandoning his position on the other. As to the ventilation of sewers, he says (page 67):

"The plan recommended by many engineers of prohibiting traps on house-drains, and making the soil-pipe itself a ventilator reaching above the roof, seems to me to leave nothing to be desired. Under such conditions of ventilation as this will secure, the house trap is entirely unnecessary in connection with such sewers as should be tolerated for a moment by any community. If the fixtures are trapped from the soil-pipe the very dilute atmosphere of the sewer may be passed through this pipe without objection."

If ventilation by the soil-pipes "leaves nothing to be desired," it must be that our author regards this method as a perfect one; yet it is certain that the conditions he requires for it are ideal, and are not likely to be realized at any time in large cities, nor permanently in small ones. Sewers that can be kept always so clean that ventilation will make the gases in them harmless have not yet been made, are theoretical; yet if upon such a theory we establish a system of ventilation of the sewers through our houses, we face a very real and practical danger with only a theory for our protection.

In New York city, for instance, there is a very large number of houses having no traps on the drains. Perhaps more than half the house drains are made in that way. If, therefore, this ventilation would effectively free the sewers of deadly gases, some effect should at least be perceptible where it is actually in operation on so large a scale. These soil-pipes certainly do ventilate the sewers in large degree, as any one may discover on the house-top;

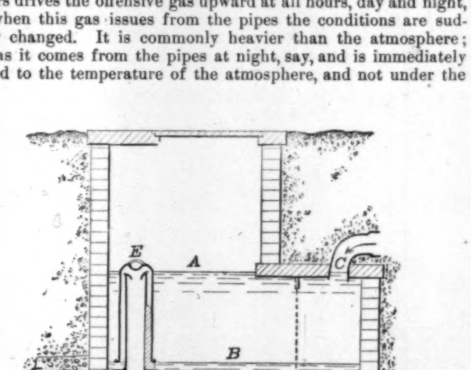


AUTOMATIC FLUSH TANK—WARING SYSTEM.

but it is equally certain that the gases remaining are not in any perceptible degree the less virulent for it.

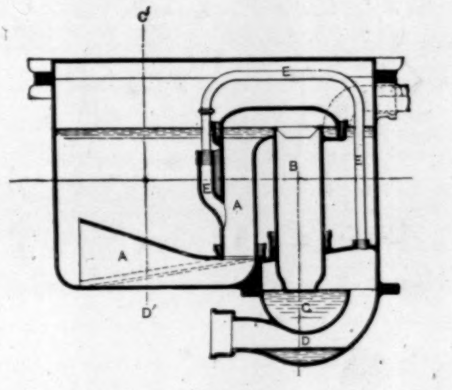
The danger of this ventilation is that in proportion as it is effective, the sewer gases are passed upward from the sewer to the air through the houses by a pipe that is not always tight. If you are to keep tigers or venomous serpents in your house, you will want the cages to be safe beyond all shadow of doubt. So if you are to have flowing at all times through your house a vapor carrying perhaps the germs of typhus-fever or diphtheria, you will want the pipe in which it flows to be always ideally perfect; and this you never can have in any ordinary house. Soil-pipes are made of iron, and the maker does what he can to improve his profit by sharp practices in the fabrication. They are put together by plumbers, many of whom are skilful, good workmen, and many are of another sort—incapable, reckless, and heedless. Houses are built to sell, and the plumbing, cheaply, and therefore badly done at first, has outlived its short time, and has not been overhauled in twenty years. And perhaps the first you know of the unsafe condition of this conduit of deadly vapors is due to the occurrence of a mortal malady in your family. All this is bad as it is. It would be worse if the trap on the drain were systematically omitted to ventilate the sewer; save only in the very remote contingency that this increased ventilation might make the sewer vapors harmless.

Another evil pretty bad now in our own city, for instance, would be worse if this system of sewer ventilation should ever become universal. As houses are made, the ventilating end of the soil-pipe opens on the roof near to the upper end of shafts made for lighting or ventilating rooms on several floors. An immense quantity of foul gas issues from these soil-pipes even in houses where there are running traps on the drains. Pressure in the sewers drives the offensive gas upward at all hours, day and night, but when this gas issues from the pipes the conditions are suddenly changed. It is commonly heavier than the atmosphere; and as it comes from the pipes at night, say, and is immediately chilled to the temperature of the atmosphere, and not under the



WARING SYSTEM—AUTOMATIC FLUSHING TANK.

influence of pressure, it falls; and one place into which it is very apt to fall is the ventilating shaft. This shaft is sometimes called a well—it soon becomes a well in fact, a well filled with foul gas. As the windows of many sleeping-rooms likely open on this shaft, and are opened at night in all moderate weather, the offensive gas flows into these, and the sleepers breathe it, and awake in the morning with that familiar headache and nausea so commonly experienced by the occupants of many city houses. In cases where there is no ventilating shaft for this gas to fall into, it will drop down a chimney-flue in all cases where the soil-pipe ventilator ends within a few feet of a chimney. By the chimney-flues it makes its way into different rooms. Commonly when people find foul odors in their houses they associate them with defective fix-



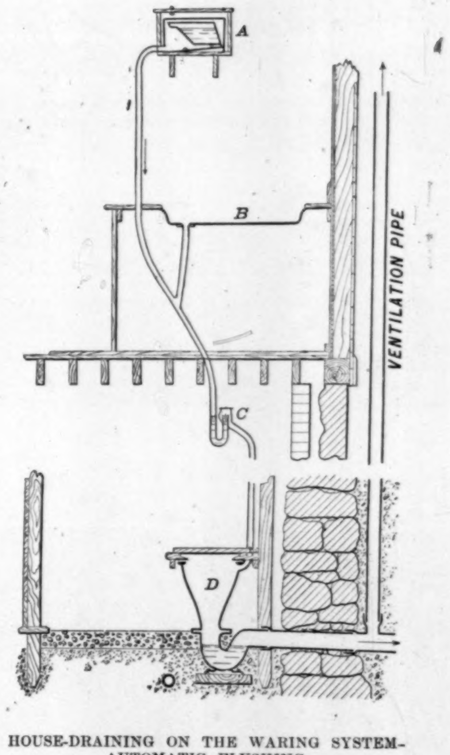
AUTOMATIC TANK FOR FLUSHING SEWERS—WARING SYSTEM.

tures in the rooms—basins, sinks, or water-closets. Often, however, these odors are found in parlors or other rooms where there are no fixtures. In these cases it will generally be found that the explanation is in the state of facts given above—the contamination of the air comes from the sewer by way of the chimney-flue.

This condition of things is bad now with traps on half the drains. With no traps on the drains it would certainly be worse. The problem of sewer ventilation is certainly not yet solved, and it will be many a year yet, perhaps, before we shall overcome all the evils incidental to this system for the disposition of waste; but we have reason to look forward with hope if we compare the condition of our houses now with what nearly all houses were fifty years ago.

One of the notable features in the Waring system of sewage is the automatic machinery for flushing the sewers at regular intervals. Automatic machinery of this sort is an important recent application of inventive genius. We give cuts of the different patterns of these tanks as they appear in Colonel Waring's book. In all these the water itself is the force that moves the machinery. The inflow is graduated so that it shall fill a given interval; at the end of that period it has reached a height at which it lifts a plug or other apparatus, and thus discharges the whole body of water with a rush that scours the pipe. These are admirable and most effective contrivances.

Here is a description of an old London drain, quoted by Waring, from an article in *Good Words*: "A good drain was thought to be one in which a perfect stone drain, some 15 inches wide, and from 16 to 18 inches deep, was laid under the floors of the basement. I changed the drainage of a large house that came into my possession four years ago, and when the workmen took up the basement floor they discovered beneath the flags the main drain, well built as far as building and material were concerned, but of



HOUSE-DRAINING ON THE WARING SYSTEM—AUTOMATIC FLUSHING.

the character described above. The drain ran under the house for its whole length to the sewer in the street; and was filled from one end to the other with sewage, which had to be dug out and carted away. It had not been opened for more than thirty years, and how there had been escape for sewage it baffles one to explain."

It was certainly only natural in this case that the whole house should be filled with a vile sewer odor, and that there should be the usual history of "the beautiful boy" who died with diphtheria before the drain was opened and cleaned.

Between the condition of such a house and the actual condition of any good house in this city there is a greater difference than there is between the condition of our good house and ideal perfection; and as we have made half that journey we may reasonably hope to make the remainder, and for all our progress in this direction we are indebted to thinkers and workers, of whom Colonel Waring is a good type.

A HORRIBLE TALE.—Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Caran d'Ache.

Monsieur X. enters the tonsorial parlor and asks to have his hair curled.

He takes a seat and is enswathed in cloths.

"A paper, Monsieur?"

A pause while the artist prepares his tools.

The artist begins,

With brilliant success.

And retires to acquire new vigor, while Monsieur X. begins to read the horrible tale that makes his hair stand on end,

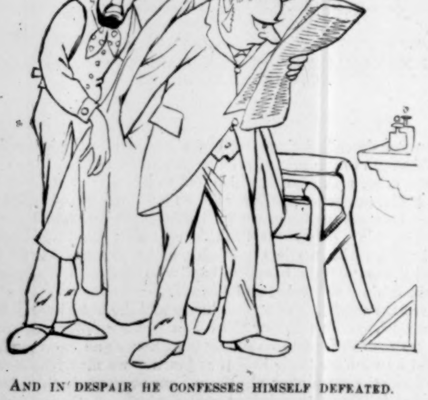
To the astonishment of the tonsorial artist,

Who tries again,

And again,

And yet again,

But in vain.



And in despair he confesses himself defeated.

But collects his bill all the same: "Une frisure pour Monsieur, une!" wondering what is the secret of his failure.

He discovers the horrible tale, and feels its effects; so does Madame, and the dog, and the wig on the dummy head.

IN THE WAKE OF A CIRCUS.

BY MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

THE "MAKE-UP" STAND—"THE FAMILY DRESSING BUREAU."

TWO small circles of gas jets flared occasionally, sinking a little lower after every flare, for the naphtha in the tanks was almost exhausted; little stealthy rills of water ran down the centre pole, and helped to turn the sawdust into slush. The circus proper was over, and the handful of people who made a scattering black blot on the reserved-seat side were those who had remained for the catchpenny afterpiece known as "the grand concert." It was a rainy midsummer night in Franklin, Massachusetts, the last night of Bing & Bang's big tent show. Embedded in the mud of the ring on the side next the concert audience were two barn doors. On one, six musicians on six wooden chairs were hoarsely tooting six waterlogged brass instruments of various sizes; on the other stood a pretty woman in a once elegant evening dress of pale green. The little light there was seemed to concentrate itself on the dull yellow of her blond hair, the peachy pink of her neck, and to accent the silver and gold of the trombone she was playing and the glitter of her diamond ear-rings. We stood on a heavy beam that "Old Hayseed" had kindly placed for us near the entrance to the dressing-room tent. Around us were rippling puddles, with here and there little islands of grass. Our companion—called Old Hayseed because he made a specialty of Yankee-farmer character impersonations—stood there wigged and whiskered, ready to succeed the lady trombone-player. He wore a dingy army overcoat, and swung in his hand a preposterous carpet-sack, with umbrella to match.

"These things grow, they can't be made," said he. "Why, I hunted five years for this umbrella and carpet-sack, an' where do you think I found 'em? In a junk-shop in New Orleans."

It grew darker and darker; the waterlogged canvas having suffered a sea change, from white to leaden, absorbed the little light there was instead of reflecting it. The permanent, pervading odor of wet stable-yard was punctuated now and then by a dash of naphtha or of peppermint drops.

"Do not forget me," moaned the silver trombone; "um-pah-pah, um-pah-pah," assented the brass band. "Clatter, bang, crash, slam—you, Piney—you over there—let go that scantlin', will ye!" They had begun to take apart all the blue-painted benches not in actual use, slamming the sections into convenient armfuls, and loading them into the wagons that waited alongside in the wet. There ensued a lively race between the concert and the canvas men. Sometimes one noise dominated, sometimes the other.

"Why don't they go to bed, and wait until to-morrow before they do all this?" asked the Artist, with his fingers in his ears.

"Because," replied Old Hayseed, with some philosophy, "them that wait till to-morrow never git there! To-morrow," he continued, "this tent must rise with the sun in North Attleboro."

"But when and where do canvas men sleep?"

"Waal, I guess they do most of their sleepin' in winter, when th' ain't no shows on the road. In summer they sleep whenever their work's done; day 'n' night's all the same to them. They jis lie down on straw 'r a bench 'r wherever they git a chance."

At that moment, to facilitate access to the wagons, the canvas men suddenly propped up one side of the tent, admitting gusts of rainy wind, and disclosing four or five little boys lying on their stomachs in the mud.

"See here, little boys," said Old Hayseed, waving his umbrella with a gesture that looked more like a caress than a menace—"see here, sonnies, don't do that; you'll take cold, mebbe, an' die, an' mebbe break your daddies' hearts. Now run home to your mammies."

The boys, undaunted, looked at Old Hayseed with wonder and delight.

"Say, fellers!" said a boy, "he's got his face all paint; he's one o' de actor-men."

Old Hayseed blew his nose. While his face was buried in his red bandanna, the Artist, with an utter disregard of right and wrong, winked at the boys, who flew like wet rats and took their places in the concert seats.

"They are æsthetic," said I. "They are worshipping the beautiful in the form of a blonde in a pale green dress."

"They should be encouraged," the Artist replied. "Some day they may be mill-owners and buy pictures."

"If they live, pore little fellers!" mused Old Hayseed.

Perhaps it was the twilight of the dressing-room entrance; perhaps it was the confidential proximity of three on a beam, albeit a long beam; but suddenly Old Hayseed began to speak, nervously opening and shutting his carpet-sack the while.

"It's peculiar, when ye think what life's made up of. My wife's bedridden, an' I'm here workin', an' it keeps me from thinkin'. You had ought to seed my little Terry, ma'am—the 'cutest little feller, the size o' them little toads that crep' under the canvas jis now.

"I'm an Irishman, ma'am. My brother's a priest; but I've played Yankee parts so long I can't talk no other way. Well, as I was tellin' ye, I went home as usual two weeks ago last Sunday. When I got to Boston I broke into a candy-shop on my way to the house, an' made 'em sell me some of the kind Terry likes. I kim runnin' into the house. 'Where's Terry?' ses I, when I seed his grandma in the hall.

"'He took sick yesterday: he's in the parlor,' ses she; an' she went on upstairs.

"'This 'll cure him,' ses I, holdin' up the candy.

"Well, ma'am, I broke into that parlor, hollerin', 'Where's dad's boy?'

"Well, ma'am, well, ma'am, it was—it was hard fer me to say my prayers that night.

"I never mistrusted, ma'am—I never mistrusted. An' there, ma'am, in his little white suit, all alone, with the white flowers all around him, an' the candles a-burnin', lay my little—little—Terry—dead!"

We could not speak. The lights burned lower; everything in the tent looked very hazy to us.

Plish, plash came the feet of the Trombone-player. We caught a whiff of white rose as she walked through the water to the dressing-room tent.

"Hayseed!" called a voice.

And a moment later we could see the shine of tears on his face, as he danced an uncouth jig, and the people shouted with laughter at the queer, husky voice with which he sang

"Just kim down from 'Way Back,
With hayseed in my hair."

It was too much for us. We turned away from the scene, in spite of its picturesque chiaro-oscuro, leaving behind us the flaring naphtha, the noisy canvas men, the courageous singer, and the audience, oblivious of impending rheumatism.

We found the cow-path across lots by wading in the footsteps of the Wonder Leaper, a boyish young fellow, who was holding the umbrella over Miss Flying Rings with a deference that looked like true love, even when seen semi-occasionally by the weakly glimmer of a passing lantern. When it was too dark to see, the Wonder Leaper's friendly shouts served as guide, though the way might equally have been traced by Miss Flying Rings' bouquet of pond-lilies, that trailed a line of faint fragrance through the wet air.

With what little effort the improbable comes to pass! How naturally it happened that we who a week before had never heard of Old Hayseed should now be moved to more than an hour's sadness because little Terry was gone. We had been seized, as who has not, with the desire for something new and strange. Is not the pioneer spirit latent in all Americans? Or perhaps it was his drop of Indian blood that stirred in the Artist, and made him turn nomad one summer day. Instead of the tramp of the stealthy moccasin in leafy forest we had to put up with a rattling one-horse chaise that made indifferent rapid progress along the New England highways and byways.

"If it were only Siberia, India, or Japan!" sighed the Artist.

"I am tired of barefoot boys and girls in pink calico," said I. "It would be nice to meet a kind of people we never saw before."

Just then a fairy godmother must have waved her wand, for there appeared on the brow of the hill a chariot of scarlet and gold. In advance of it four brilliant plumes marked the progress of four horses smothered in crimson plush, almost staggering under their load of gold fringe and spangles. Nearer and nearer they came, halting to rest by our side. Small boys, impelled by some magnetic instinct, came flying across the fields and trooping across the road from the little town we had just left. Some staid by the band-wagon, but most of them followed a clown who, squatting in a little cart, drove his tandem of donkeys briskly into the village. A long carry-all filled with performers passed us, and some one called the Artist's name. The red chariot fell in line; the band on top struck up a brazen libel on *Erminie*.

The Artist broke out: "I feel just as I did when a boy. I'd like to follow that circus."

"I should certainly do so if I were a boy," chimed in the writer.

And somehow or other that one-horse chaise retraced its dull and decorous wheel marks, and followed "in the wake of the circus." The landlord of the inn we had just left welcomed us as warmly as if we had been gone a year. The Artist's acquaintance in the carry-all turned out to be the star of the troupe, the World's Champion Bareback Rider.

"Why, that's the solemn little man you once introduced to me in Paris," said I.

"The very same," explained the Artist. "He is taking this trip for the sketching. All the boys knew him in Paris. He haunted the studios, art schools, and the galleries. They used to say he never slept, but gave to the study of art every moment he was not riding his horse in the Cirque Fernando."

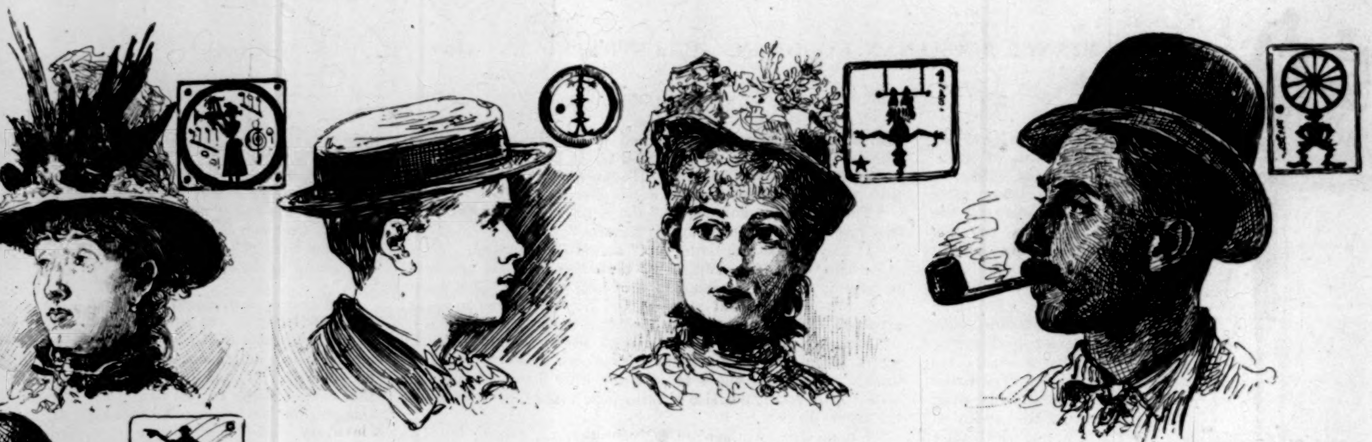
No artist could have resisted the picturesque opportunities suggested by the circus that afternoon. The snowy tent overhung by elms brooded on the hill-side like a big white hen, while little boys crept in and out like chickens. Great waves of memory flood the heart of one who smells the piny fragrance of the sawdust for the first time since childhood, and sees once more an auditorium carpeted with grass and flowers. Again you sit on the hard, hard boards, upholstered with imaginary down, your feet in the clover, your head in the clouds. With great shrieks of delight the little ones greet the clown, and by comparison it suddenly occurs to you that the tiniest city child cultivates something of repression.

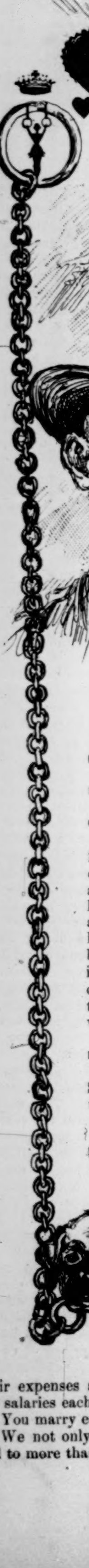
Memory's spell is soon broken. A naïve preposterous sunlight—a country sunlight that knows no repression—comes leaking in: it illuminates the solemn head of a desiccated farmer in the audience, it touches on falling spangles and reveals where tights have been mended. There is no glamour now save that in the hearts of inexperience; the Clown, classic ghost that he is by gas-light, looks a man like any other, save that he is most unpleasantly painted. Yet when you have stopped trying to look at these things with the eyes of childhood, you find that they gradually assume a new interest from an artistic stand-point. Some leapers and tumblers in their tights of clean white wool are outlined against the blue-green grass of the entrance. They are straight, sinewy young fellows, with white teeth and sunburned faces, guiltless, happily, of the paint, wigs, and padding that sometimes make the classic drama ridiculous.

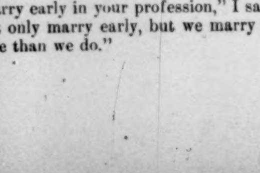
Under the fluctuating tent, that lifts now and then to show the blue sky, leaning sometimes against a tree bough that has found its way through the lapping canvas, they bend and group in the merry rivalry of their efforts like Greek statues.

"There is nothing like an object-lesson," says the Artist. "I have just begun to realize why there sprang a nation of sculptors from those who habitually witnessed the Olympic games. A rider all in white, upon a snow-white horse, holding his whip as the caduceus, takes a pose of a living Mercury. There is about it all the classic charm that comes from neighborhood to nature. The declining sun silhouettes the trees against the canvas, cloud shadows chase each other across the tent. Two white butterflies are playing in the ring, and late yellow buttercups are nodding by the benches. Even the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, with its splendid frescos and gorgeous appointments, cannot show anything so pure, so simple, so classic as this. The sum total of our civilization, it seems, is to let upholstery carry us as far as possible away from nature. More sincere are the intentions of

THE RIDE BY NIGHT.







the Japanese, who build their houses quite without decoration, but with sliding sides that open on the landscape.

"There are so many subjects, I cannot give up my sketching yet awhile," declared the Artist.

"I would like to study the home life of these people, who have no homes," said I.

So the one-horse chaise continued in the wake of the circus, and followed the scarlet band-wagon through a fortnight of summer days.

Creatures of environment, the members of this fast-disappearing institution known as "the road show" have certain characteristics of nomadic tribes. Like the Arabs, they are accomplished fatalists, tranquilly accepting all that happens, neither evading nor fearing. The Queen of the Air, for instance, complained of a dizzy headache. "Then, is it not unwise to do your exercises on the trapeze?" I questioned.

"Nonsense," she answered, roundly. "When your time comes, you get a bad fall and you go; but until it comes, nothing can harm you."

Like the Mexican vaqueros, they have reduced to a science the art of dispensing with superfluous luxuries. The dressing-room tent has a canvas partition. On one side the men dress, on the other the women. In each the wash-stand is a bucket of water. The women arrange their hair before a little piece of looking-glass propped against the lid of an open trunk. The men are more luxurious, and have a family dressing-bureau, which consists of a small wooden tray nailed to the top of a stake. Like the Indians, their fortitude in bearing pain is remarkable. They endure all manner of ills and accidents without medicine and without complaint, and, like the Indians, recover very rapidly. With all their simplicity they are not without certain advanced ideas of good taste. The Clown and Old Hayseed were the only ones in the company who used paint and powder. A rider had been persuaded to dye her hair red, but said, frankly, "I'm sorry I was such a fool." Something in the fresh pure air of the early morning drives, the dewy sweetness of the wild-roses they stop to gather—the something good that Nature gives to those in daily contact with her—makes these people direct and straightforward, eliminates the morbid appetites and sensational affectations that would come inevitably if they worked in ill-ventilated gas-lit rooms, and lived with no horizon beyond the curb-stone. Yet, with all their common-sense they could not belong to the race of wanderers if they were not as superstitious as savages.

"Say, don't whistle in the dressing-room tent," said the Triple Horizontal Bar to the Artist; "if you do you'll surely whistle some one out of the company."

These children of Nature are people of action; they never take the longest way of doing a thing.

The Equilibrist, a sentimental, tender-hearted man, with a dark, melancholy eye, found one of the canvas-men washing his hands in a bucket of water intended for drinking purposes. Was the delinquent soundly lectured, or reported to the management and dismissed? Neither. Words were unnecessary. The Equilibrist's left hand closed and shot out suddenly; a canvas-man described a parabolic curve, and was seen running across lots like a deer. After that all hands were particular about the drinking water; the canvas-man acquired a great respect for the Equilibrist, and became an excellent person as canvas-men go. In the road show, right is right, and wrong is wrong; the people never take the edge off their morals by discussion or analysis. One day a man with a performing goat was engaged. On the second day he lost his temper, kicking and cuffing the poor little brute most viciously. The Triple Horizontal Bar happened to see him, and spoke at once:

"Say, we don't allow any animals abused around here! We don't think it's right. See?"

The offence was repeated next day, and the men took up the subject as follows: Spokesman—"Boys, does he go?" *Omnes*—"He goes." The spokesman looked up the offender, and addressed him as follows:

"My friend, you were warned, and you repeated the offence. Git!"

The man and the goat handed in their resignations that evening: the manager knew too much to attempt to interfere with the decrees of Providence.

Like all athletes, the majority of circus performers are as abstemious as true Mussulmans. The two performances a day require all possible steadiness of nerve, especially with the road show, where poles and guy-ropes are shaky, and where mattresses and safety nets are unknown. A gypsy-like feature of the road show is its general resemblance to one big family—the patriarchal form of government, in short. The proprietor of the show is the father-provider; the members of his family are governed at his discretion. As unquestioning as children, they sleep in the rooms assigned them, eat the food set before them, take their given place on the programme, and pack up and move on when told. Their expenses are trifling; a little tobacco for the men, some sewing materials for the women. The salaries each week are tucked away, and saved or sent home to expectant families.

"You marry early in your profession," I said to the Queen of the Air.

"We not only marry early, but we marry for keeps, which is more than some can say that pretend to more than we do."

"That's so," said the Equilibrist; "my wife and I have been married nine years, and I'd give a week's salary to see her this minute."

"I'm more fortunate," said the World's Champion. "I married eighteen years ago, and my wife is mighty handsome yet, though I say it, who shouldn't. In her letter this morning she says she has put up all the preserves, and will join me as soon as she has finished house-cleaning."

"That's nothing," said the Song Artist, with his arm around the blushing Lady Trombone-player; "my wife's right here, and she won't let me tell how long we've been married, for fear I'll give her age away."

"Well, just let me speak," chuckled the Clown, producing a letter from his pocket. "My wife writes that our boy, turning nineteen, has run away and married a little gal we've been teaching to do tricks on the slack-wire. Now my wife's nearly wild; and what do you think I answered? I just told her a story about a little boy of seventeen learning to tumble, and a little gal of sixteen doing the tight-rope, that ran away and got married up in York State just twenty-five years ago; and I told her I thought our youngster came honestly by this marryin' streak; and if the match turned out as happy as the one we made up in York State, we shouldn't have a word to say."

"I believe in early marriages," said the Flying Leaper, caressing a downy mustache.

And then Miss Flying Rings blushed a nice pink, and with feminine tact turned the subject. It was in the carry-all we talked about marriage, and odd it was to be there. Our old nag had fallen ill. We packed our sketching traps and prepared to follow by rail. This new departure worried the Artist, who complained: "It's awfully out of key. I had hoped not to look upon a railway until the trip was over."

"You have caught the spirit of it," said the World's Champion. "In a genuine road show you are not supposed to know that railroads exist. Now, apropos, I am commissioned to offer you two seats in the carry-all. If you accept you will probably get a better idea of the road show and its people than you have had yet." There was no time to hesitate; so it happened that instead of continuing to sail in the wake of our subject, an unexpected breeze blew us into contact with it.

Next morning we had a taste of that characteristic feature of the road show known as "an early start." Just after retiring, or so it seemed, there came a thumping on the door. In his nasal tenor the night clerk sang out, "Fi-i-i-ive o'clock; breakfast at five thirty." At five thirty there were some soapy, sleepy, good-natured stragglers in the dining-room, and a frosty servant with magenta hair said, "Beefsteak, egg omelette, boiled corn, and blueberry pie."

Circus people get rates; *i. e.*, where so many travel together, the landlords make a reduction in the price. This gives the cue to the servant-maid, as self-centred as incompetent, and she too "gives rates"; *i. e.*, an eliminated bill of fare and scant courtesy. Yet, even with the alleged delicacies omitted, there is little in the food to complain of save the bread, universally underdone. Is it not, on the contrary, a redundant generosity that offers boiled corn and blueberry pie at 5.30 A.M.? At six o'clock Pop drives the Ark, with its four horses, up to the door. Pop is an important person, and while the stragglers are gathering it may be as well to glance at him. He is a symphony in gray. His fuzzy gray head, eclipsed in a hat like a candle-extinguisher, is set very close to his long, irregular legs. In the lengthy monotony of his exterior the only vivid spot is his shiny black pipe.

Pop is an autocrat. Once on the box-seat, his will is law, though his eyesight is poor. He is as deaf to advice as he is to the ordinary sounds of nature, which is saying a great deal. Rather than accept a suggestion, he has been known to drive eighteen miles to reach a town nine miles away, those within the Ark enduring the delay which condemned them to a cold dinner with the cheerfulness of expert fatalists. In his off hours Pop shambles from place to place; in his hands, Ophelia-like,

some wisps of straw. The performance, he has an idea, cannot go on without him. When it is time to begin he puts his chair close to the bass-drum with cymbals, and sleeps contentedly there until the show is over.

The late ones have finished breakfast, the impatient band-wagon has gone on in a blaze of glory; ragged boys and stray passers-by accumulate to see the last of the circus folks come out. The Song Artist emerges. His dark striped flannel shirt throws into relief a diamond stud so large and so brilliant it creates a panic among the boys, who jostle each other over the curb in the effort to follow the rays into the carry-all. Crack! goes Pop's whip. The Ark is off. The Song Artist wears a tranquil smile that shows he is not insensible to social triumphs. The Ark is a good roomy vehicle. It looks like the one that carried you in your school-days from the railway station to the college. Built with a very evident regard for expense, it has open spaces instead of windows. When the black oil-cloth flaps are buttoned down to keep the rain out, it suggests a dark, gigantic coffin. As we rolled along that summer morning, rousing the farm-houses to gaping curiosity and powdering with dust the blackberry hedges, the carry-all was a little world in itself, lively with worldly-wise conversation.

"I like Cuba," said the World's Champion, "and I want to see the Cuban star on the American flag."

His voice was drowned by Miss Flying Rings, who was in lively discussion with two of the Three Brothers: "I think I can prove you both wrong on this tariff question."

"Your authority."

"I'll give you a speech to read that was written by my uncle, Senator ——."

She named a name that took us out of our seats. And it was true. There was the family nose, the shape of the head, the same look in the deep-set eyes. The grip that has kept Senator —— before the public for over a quarter of a century is the same grip that enables this sinewy young woman to hold on with her teeth while the ring-master swings her until she touches the canvas roof. People are sometimes made alike,

"But being made, 'tis circumstance that finishes us all."

Just then the Flying Leaper shot out at the side and stole a green apple, upon which Miss Flying Rings' pug puppy Danger fed with unprincipled relish.

The conversation went on.

"The study of Shakespeare," said the Clown, "is of no pecuniary benefit to one in my position, as I know by sad experience. I studied many years to make myself a genuine Shakespearian clown, but there was no money in it. In fact, I am studying still—not with any hope, but simply for the pleasure it affords."

And still the ball rolled.

"Looks like Texas."

"That awful flood in China."

"Reminds me of Buenos Ayres."

"Did you hear what they charged the amateurs for tights?"

"There are more circuses than opera-houses in Paris, but they are more enthusiastic in Madrid."

"Well, in my estimation, a show with three rings is no place for an artist. How would Booth, Barrett, and Irving like it if the management partitioned the stage into three parts, and made them all play Hamlet at once?"

On rolled the carry-all. The Kid, the top of the Three Brothers' pyramid, slept in the corner, and the others moved down to make room for him. Before ten o'clock we had left our valises in the next hotel, and were asking a small boy to show us the way to the circus tent, which he did with grinning promptness. We knew we would find the proprietor there before us. The father-provider of Bing and Bang's Big Show was a spare, silent man, with a hesitating walk and a white necktie. A partner boss appeared from time to time, a man with a warm-hearted laugh and plenty of jewelry. But it was understood that he of the lawn tie had accumulated wealth in the sash and blind business, and represented the solid financial responsibility not only of Bing, but of Bang and the whole band-wagon.

The boss travelled in his own trap, his wife being his sole companion, a nice little woman, with a talent for smiling silence. The trap was a shiny black one of the dry-goods delivery pattern, embellished on either side with the golden legend, "Bing and Bang's Big Show." Like the carriage used by Napoleon the Great, which you may see at Madame Tussaud's, in London, it answered a variety of purposes. The recess under the cushioned seat was a clothes-press; the heavy gilded grating behind the seat protected the bank from sneak-thieves; the rear compartment was labelled across the stout back doors, "Ticket Office"; and there, afternoon and evening, sat the boss himself, selling tickets through a gilded pigeon-hole. When all hands set sail, a pair of lively chargers would whistle this rakish craft down the wind, and she would have cast anchor in the next port before the Ark was fairly under way.

The boss was *sui generis*. "That looks dangerous," said I to him one day, as we were watching a man sitting on a chair; which would have been simple enough if the chair had not been poised on one leg, and that leg on a trapeze in mid-air.

"I can't see why people want to do such things," he responded. "Why, as far as I'm concerned, I believe if I tried to climb a rail-fence I'd fall off and break my neck." And he looked thoroughly disgusted that there should be people who would risk their lives for a salary, and others foolish enough to pay to see them do it.

As we arrive at the tent this summer morning the scene is a rush of gay excitement as effervescent as a Paris suburb on a fête-day. For blocks around the ground is spotted with groups of children, all moving with more or less assurance toward the centre of interest. The Artist declares it rains little boys in New England, we see such a number of small fellows between the ages of seven and ten. Whang-bang! "Look out for the meat-wagon!" A blue-painted something on the dead gallop scatters the crowd. It is the candy-butcher—the sanguinary title given to the rattling person who has the license for red lemonade, pea-nuts, candy, and pop-corn. He always waits until the last moment, and then "Lochinvars" from town to town: in the winter he puts away his gaudy raiment, and hibernates in the form of a village photographer.

"Bing, tootle, umpah, bang!" The band is tuned up, the horses are rubbed down, they give the gilding and spangles a last polish, before making a morning tour of the village.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" from shrill little throats; and the sun shines on the vermilion and white paint of "His Donkeys," the secondary or "Knock-about Clown," who, in his gown of American flags, drives out in his tandem, to the absolute bliss of the tiny ones.

"Look at the dyeing-boy!" says the Artist, in a solemn tone; but before I have time to be frightened I see the candy-butcher's boy with crimson hands throwing lumps of red paint into a barrel of watery lemonade. He puts his head on one side, squints his eyes wisely, and stirs with hands and arms until the lemonade becomes a perfect crimson lake. The blue candy-booth, with its white awning and counters of white oil-cloth, is already agoing; little boys are exchanging pennies for striped candy and squares of pink and white pop-corn.

In the ticket-wagon the low-browed boss in the white necktie is counting out his money. Little circus handbills of vivid yellow are whirling through the air like autumn leaves. Around the tent the canvas-men are shouting themselves into frenzy, trying to keep the boys from crawling under. Within the tent the rows of army-blue benches stand soldier-like in the bright, diffused light. On the reserved-seat side canvas-men are laying strips of carpet; away up on a trapeze a man in black tights is trying to stand on his head; in the centre of the new-ploughed ring the Kid, in a white suit with blue ribbons, is practising posing and leaping.

Little boys of eight or nine, who have leaked in, get as close to the Kid as they possibly can, and revel in the proximity.

"How old are you?" we asked the Kid.

"I'm fourteen in the country and sixteen in New York."

"Your work must be hard; you're small for either age."

"Well, you see, what kep' me small was workin' in de fact'ry when I was a little feller. I worked nine years, from four to t'irteen."

"Do you like the circus?"

"Well, lady, you jess bet dere ain't no New York sasiety goin'

ROMEO AND JULIET.